

# The Nation and The Athenæum

THE NATION. VOL. XXXV., No. 17.] SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1924. [THE ATHENÆUM. No. 4917.

## CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
EVENTS OF THE WEEK ... ..	523	SUGARED ALMONDS. By Angus Wilson ... ..	535
DISTORTING THE DAWES REPORT ... ..	526	ART :—	
THE LONDON CONFERENCE AND TERRITORIAL SANCTIONS.		Mr. Sickert at the Independent Gallery. By Angus	
By J. M. Keynes ... ..	527	Davidson ... ..	537
WHEAT ... ..	527	POETRY :—	
THE BRITISH EMPIRE IN 1924.—I. The Empire in Flux.		Breach of Decorum. By Parasite Leisure ... ..	537
By Alfred Zimmermann ... ..	528	THE WORLD OF BOOKS :—	
LIFE AND POLITICS. By A. G. G. ... ..	529	Words. By Leonard Woolf ... ..	538
THE HOUSE OF COMMONS. By M.P. ... ..	531	REVIEWS :—	
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR : Social Insurance Extension Bill		Carlyle Again. By the Right Hon. Augustine Birrell ...	539
(J. M. Wylie); The American Presidential Campaign		Big Game and the Camera ... ..	539
(Heber Blankenhorn); "Some Questions to Mr.		The Modern Golfer. By Bernard Darwin ... ..	540
Wheatley" (H. Westbury Preston); Mr. Lloyd George		Through Thick and Thin. By George Rylands ... ..	540
and the American Debt (Chas. Wright); The Policy of		"A Larger, Clearer Conscience." By Gilbert Thomas	541
the Bank of England (Monetary Reformer); Rabelais		The League and the I.L.O. ... ..	542
and the Scholiasts (A. F. Chappell); The Society for		Critical Limitations. By Robert Graves ... ..	542
Cultural Relations (Lilian Harris) ... ..	532	The New Central Europe. By L. P. M. ... ..	544
MUGGLETON. By Lytton Strachey ... ..	534	NOVELS IN BRIEF ... ..	546
		BOOKS IN BRIEF ... ..	546

All communications and MSS. should be addressed to the Editor, THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM, 10, Adelphi Terrace, W.C.2.

## EVENTS OF THE WEEK

THE tolerably smooth progress of the Allied Conference has been sharply interrupted by what the French Press vituperatively terms "international finance." In plain words, the Conference has come up against realities. It was always obvious that talk about loans, of £40,000,000 or any other figure, to Germany was mere moonshine unless conditions could be created that would encourage persons with money available to lend it. That does not mean the banks, but the private investor, though the banks, which stand in such matters between the borrower and the actual lender, are the natural arbiters in such a matter. In the present case the investor who lends to Germany demands, as he was always bound to demand, that there shall be a safe prospect of the punctual payment of his interest and the ultimate repayment of his capital. There can be no such safe prospect if Germany's financial stability is ever to be shattered again by any operation like the French occupation of the Ruhr. Before the bankers can hold out any hope of co-operation in raising the loan they must be satisfied that no sudden decision of a Reparation Commission controlled by a French casting-vote can lead to "sanctions" calculated to prejudice the service of the loan. That was the reminder voiced on Monday by a number of leading financiers, including Mr. Montagu Norman, Governor of the Bank of England, and Mr. T. W. Lamont, of Morgan's.

\* \* \*

This development has brought the Conference within sight of complete breakdown, and Tuesday and Wednesday were spent in a feverish search for a formula. The bankers were bent on closing the door to a fresh occupation of the Ruhr. M. Herriot was compelled by political conditions in France to keep it open. The bankers were not content that the decision as to German default should rest with the Reparation Commission even with an American sitting and voting, nor does the rather indeterminate association of the American Agent-General for Reparations in the process dispel their misgivings. Discussions seem to be centred now on the possibility of creating some special *ad hoc* committee, or even

possibly two committees, to decide whether Germany has in a given case defaulted, whether the default is deliberate and flagrant, and what the sanctions, if sanctions are justified, shall be. The difficulty may no doubt be surmounted, but the depressing feature of the incident is the demonstration it provides of the resolute persistence of the old Poincaré policy. That is not M. Herriot's fault. France as a whole cares more about security than about Reparations, and France's Prime Minister has to care more about it too. Mr. MacDonald could have chosen no more inopportune moment to declare his disbelief in the Treaty of Mutual Assistance, in which France has always seen the hope of attaining the security she demands.

\* \* \*

The British Government's letter to the League of Nations rejecting the Draft Treaty of Mutual Assistance was published in full by the "Manchester Guardian" last Tuesday. It is a formidable document, and one which the whole-hearted supporters of the Treaty will find it hard to answer. It raises two main questions with respect to the League's proposal:—

"Are the guarantees contained therein sufficient to justify a State in reducing its armaments? Are the obligations to be undertaken towards other States of such a nature that the nations of the world can conscientiously engage to carry them out?"

To both these questions the British Government supplies an unfavourable answer. It points to the difficulty of determining by a unanimous vote of the League's Council within four days of the outbreak of hostilities which combatant is the aggressor. It dwells on the delay which must occur in mobilizing the forces at the disposal of the League. It asserts that the obligations created by the Treaty would necessitate an increase in British armaments. It objects to the proposed "complementary agreements" both on the familiar ground that they would revive the old system of competing alliances, and as likely to cause conflict between the League and individual Governments. Finally, it does not consider that the Council of the League is a suitable body to be entrusted with the control of military forces.

That there is much force in some of these considerations we do not dispute. But most of them seem to us reasons either for amending the Treaty or for not basing over-confident hopes upon it rather than for rejecting it outright. It may well be that the guarantees of the Treaty would not give a sufficient sense of security to allay the fears that perpetuate huge armaments. The supporters of the Treaty claim no more than that it *might*, and that this possibility is worth exploring. No one suggests that it would be possible to give more guarantees than those which the Draft Treaty proposes—certainly not the British Government, who object to the commitments which the Treaty would involve. Is the moral then that the idea of disarmament agreements must be given up as moonshine? That is the conclusion to which the Government's logic points; but obviously this is not a conclusion which they can avow. Hence we have vague references to an international Conference which the Government propose to summon in some indefinite future, which is to discuss on its merits this very Treaty of Mutual Assistance which they condemn root and branch. Indeed the Government are emphatic that "there is no intention to prejudge in any way the further consideration of the proposed Treaty by the Conference." They merely will have nothing to do with it at Geneva. This is an astonishing conclusion. Is it merely the mechanism of the League to which the Government object?

What has happened is, of course, clear enough. There is an ultra-pacifist element in the Cabinet resolved to defeat the Treaty at all costs. Reinforced by the professional militarists, who have no use for arrangements for the reduction of armaments, and the departmentalists who regard the League as a nuisance because it impinges on their particular administrative sphere, they have rushed into a decision which undoes the whole of four years' work for disarmament at Geneva, sweeps the only constructive plan yet devised out of the field, convinces France that the security issue which she considers vital is a matter of indifference to this country, and effectively discounts all the Labour Government's protestations of faith in the League of Nations. "By the irony of fate," says the "Morning Post," "it has been reserved for Mr. Ramsay MacDonald to put the League of Nations in its place."

The Housing Bill has passed through Committee with a few unimportant amendments, and it will presumably have secured its third reading before these lines appear. The result reflects grave discredit upon the Liberal Party, and, indeed, upon the House of Commons as a whole. There are, of course, a handful of Liberals who are in favour of increased housing subsidies and genuinely believe that the Bill will serve a useful purpose. But they are only a handful. The mass of Liberal Members believe the Bill to be a very bad one, and regard the rent policy and the increased subsidies as what the "Manchester Guardian" has termed them, "this publicly financed lottery, this fundamentally corrupt, vote-catching and demoralizing subsidy." Yet the Liberals not only supported the second reading; they voted against their own amendments in Committee rather than run the risk of giving the Government a pretext for dissolving with a popular cry. The Conservatives showed themselves hardly less anxious to avert such a contingency, though they have been able to save their faces better by voting against the second reading, with the knowledge that the Liberals would support it. On Mr. Simon's crucial amendment to provide that the rents

charged for the new houses should be the same as those prevailing, not for inferior, but for similar pre-war houses—an amendment which for a moment it seemed that the Liberals intended to press—Mr. Neville Chamberlain declared ingeniously that while he had voted against the second reading he could not support an amendment which would "kill the Bill by a side-wind." With a resolute determination to avoid an election on the housing issue, clothing itself in such quixotic scruples, Mr. Wheatley was assured of a majority for every demagogic feature of his Bill.

While the House of Commons has been passing Mr. Wheatley's Housing Bill, which the majority cordially dislikes, the Lords have been debating Lord Astor's Bill enabling peeresses in their own right to take their seats in the House. Lord Gainford expressed the Liberal view, in saying that the matter was not one for a private member's Bill and should be postponed till the question of House of Lords reform was tackled as a whole; but the debate was well worth while if only for Lord Banbury's delightful exhibition of old-fashioned anti-feminism and Lord Darling's rejoinder that the only reason women were not summoned to Parliament originally was that "the barons, who were people like Lord Banbury, strong in the upholding of their own individual and hardly conquered rights, determined not to share them with many men, and certainly not with any women."

The Education Estimates stand at the same figure as last year, but owing to the disappearance of certain post-war services and other savings, Mr. Trevelyan will have a balance in hand which he proposes to apply to the provision of additional secondary schools, the improvement of elementary school buildings, and an increase in the grant to local authorities in respect of maintenance allowance. He aims also at reducing the size of classes and increasing the number of trained teachers. All this is excellent; but Mr. Trevelyan's savings will soon be exhausted, and a large part of his speech was occupied rather with a vision of what a national education programme might become than with what the Government actually proposed to do in the ensuing year. He had a remarkably good reception from all sides of the House; so good, indeed, as to suggest that the Government might have been well advised to take its courage in its hands, and go a little further in the direction of realizing Mr. Trevelyan's aspirations.

Mr. MacDonald's replies when questioned on the case of Mrs. Stan Harding were extraordinarily disingenuous. Her imprisonment in Russia was due to false charges brought against her by Mrs. Harrison, an American secret service agent. Last November, after £3,000 had been extracted from the Soviet Government by way of compensation, the Institute of Journalists and the National Union of Journalists approached Mr. MacDonald and other candidates for Parliament, urging that some redress should be obtained from the United States Government also, for the acts of their agent. He replied that he would be glad to do anything he could "on the lines indicated in your letter." Now that he has become Prime Minister, Mr. MacDonald discovers that complete justice has already been done, and that he cannot make representations to the American Government in respect of what is "essentially a personal dispute" between Mrs. Harding and another lady. This is mere playing with words. The circumstances of the case are exactly what they were known to be in November last; the only thing that has changed is the attitude of Mr. MacDonald.



Apart altogether from the merits of Mrs. Stan Harding's claim, it would be difficult to find a more cynical comment on the value of election pledges.

\* \* \*

The Treaty between Great Britain and Italy with regard to Jubaland, the text of which has now been published, should do a good deal for the smoothing of Anglo-Italian relations. As Mr. Arnold Toynbee pointed out in our columns some months ago, the linking of the Jubaland question to that of the Dodecanese, while a good juridical case could be made out for it, was of doubtful wisdom in existing circumstances. The actual Italian claims under the Treaty of London were, at any rate, clear enough, and no difficulty seems to have been found in providing for the small points relating to water-holes and Somali migrations that were still at issue. On the occasion of the Corfu incident it was necessary for this country to take, in support of the League of Nations, a line strongly opposed to Italian policy, and it was thus the more important that the disinterestedness of our attitude should be made clear by our readiness to meet, wherever possible, legitimate Italian aspirations. On the question of Jubaland, Italian feeling was strongly excited, and we can lose nothing and may gain much by the cession now effected.

\* \* \*

Lord Olivier has added greatly, we suspect, to his own and Lord Reading's difficulties by the singular speech in which, on July 21st, he met the request of Lord Peel for a statement on Indian affairs. He could not, in the nature of things, say anything to allay the misgivings as to the Indian public services, of which both Lord Peel and Lord Lee had spoken; but he should have been able to clear away some of the misunderstanding created in India by previous statements of his on the subject of the Swaraj party and its methods. It was, however, on this subject that Lord Olivier used words which are certain to raise a fresh storm in India, and to be quoted against him so long as he remains in office. He spoke of Mr. C. R. Das, the Bengali Swaraj leader, not only as "a man of high and admirable ideals," but (quoting "a high authority on Indian politics") as "a particularly upright and scrupulous politician, second only to Gandhi himself in saintliness of character." This is, we imagine, the first time that Das and Gandhi have been linked together as kindred types of Indian saintliness, and Lord Olivier must prepare to have his "high authority" rather scornfully challenged, and to hear the gravest remonstrances against the curious phrases in which he strove to explain the recent acts and utterances of Mr. Das and his associates. We find it almost impossible to accept the speech as a considered Cabinet statement. But if it is not that, what is it?

\* \* \*

The field is complete for the American Presidential Election, the Progressives having secured Senator Wheeler, of Montana, to run with La Follette for the Vice-Presidency. Mr. Wheeler is a radical Democrat, with a remarkable record in the exposure of the scandals in the Department of Justice, while La Follette's following has been mostly Republican in name. Their joint candidature, therefore, will damage both the older parties in the West, but it is too early for a guess as to whether they will draw more from Mr. Coolidge than from Mr. Davis. The great importance of the United States in relation to the London Conference would seem to imply that the coming electoral conflict must turn largely upon international

questions, but nothing is more certain than that its interest will be almost entirely domestic. Mr. Dawes, as Republican candidate for the Vice-Presidency, will not affect the Coolidge programme in regard to Europe. Senator La Follette is, politically, a downright isolationist. Mr. Davis, running with Governor Bryan and hampered by the Democratic Party's shelving of the League of Nations issue, will necessarily take a cautious line in the campaign. Nevertheless, before November the old isolation of America will have become a memory.

\* \* \*

We are assured by eye-witnesses that there is at least exaggeration in the reports received in this country of the incidents which took place in Paris last week in connection with the Olympic boxing and fencing contests. We hope an authoritative statement will be made without delay. Even if all that was said in the Press were true, it would no doubt be lamentable, but it would not necessarily justify the proposal made in some quarters that this country should withdraw from the Games. Before any such decision were taken two considerations would have to be carefully weighed. First, it is clear that whatever this country may do the Olympic Games will go on. We must therefore ask ourselves whether it is not better that we should throw our full weight and influence into fostering the true spirit of sportsmanship in the Games and to improving and making genuinely international their technical organization, upon which their success must in great measure inevitably depend. Second, we must remember that in the most important part of the Games, the track athletics, "incidents" used in the early days to occur, but are now, according to the best authorities, entirely absent. Many impartial observers have testified to the excellent spirit shown by every athletic team in the Colombes Stadium two weeks ago. What has been achieved in one branch of sport cannot be impossible of achievement in others.

\* \* \*

Our Irish Correspondent writes: "Dublin is in a state of preparation for the much-heralded Tailteann Games, and an 'atmosphere' has duly been produced by the release of Messrs. de Valera and Stack and practically all other untried prisoners. This will have the effect of clearing the air, undoubtedly, and there seems reason to expect that we are to enjoy a festive period for some few weeks before the business of law-making and law-breaking begins again. There are a few drawbacks to the pleasant programme; one, and perhaps the greatest, is the weather; another, the fact that the Dáil does not seem to be able to get itself adjourned. The illness of Mr. Blythe has retarded the already slow progress of the estimates, and until they are all passed there can be no Appropriation Bill, without which the Oireachtas cannot be let go. There is also the fact that Mr. de Valera has already resumed the practice of speech-making, in his celebrated 'moderate man' vein, and has not lost the capacity to draw large and enthusiastic crowds. His first meeting took place last night at the Mansion House, and his followers, accompanied by a band of pipers, later marched past the hotel where Mr. Cosgrave was presiding over an Irish-American 'publicity' banquet. Incidentally, two jewels of speech were uttered at these meetings. For the Free State Mr. McGuinness, T.D., assured his hearers that 'the Government are quite determined to live within our incomes,' while for the opposition Mr. Sean T. O'Kelly told the world that Mr. de Valera would 'bring the crown to the Republic.' Such is Dublin in the dog-days."

## DISTORTING THE DAWES REPORT.

"NEVER," declared M. Herriot on Monday, "have inter-Allied negotiations been carried on in a more cordial atmosphere. Never have the discussions been facilitated by a more sincere desire for mutual understanding." Never, it may be added, have the negotiators failed to pay themselves such compliments; and the world has learnt to set small store by them. The course of the London Conference has, indeed, proved so far ominously like that of the innumerable Conferences of the past five years. The preliminary friendly talk between the British and French Prime Ministers, the declaration of "complete accord," the violent agitation in Paris, the hasty concessions to that agitation to enable the Conference to meet at all, the military metaphors with which the French Press comment on its proceedings, recording a victory here, lamenting there a defeat; the obvious preoccupation of the Conference, not with reaching a definite agreement, but with the elaboration of formulas designed to plaster over vital disagreement—this is certainly a different atmosphere from the "beastly clever dispatches" of the Poincaré-Curzon period; but it is distressingly reminiscent of the days of Mr. Lloyd George and M. Briand. Mr. MacDonald has boasted much of the new atmosphere he has created. Has he really done anything more than restore the old atmosphere of insincerity and falsehood from which we had gradually been shaking ourselves free? A band of allies, differing unhappily on points of method, but united in a common nobility of purpose, confronted with a base and treacherous foe—that is the fiction which Mr. MacDonald has accepted as the basis of the procedure of the Conference. The Allies discuss and wrangle; in a series of Committees they devise formulas to meet each other's susceptibilities in a spirit of mutual accommodation, on which they congratulate themselves and an expectant world. Germany remains outside, until such time as the Allies have arranged everything to their satisfaction. She, too, may have her susceptibilities, but it is evidently not thought important to consider them. Germany's rôle is to sign on the line without demur. Perhaps it is misgivings as to whether she will really confine herself to this that are responsible for the suggestion that she should not be invited to participate in the Conference at all.

It is easy to see how Mr. MacDonald has drifted into this position. The path of least resistance leads a man to strange destinations. That at which Mr. MacDonald now finds himself would have seemed utterly incredible a year ago. There has been no severer critic than he of British post-war diplomacy, no one more sententiously insistent that only harm could come of insincerity, that we must get rid of the conception of allies and enemies, and treat the Germans as a friendly people on a footing of equality. Throughout last year he was emphatic as to the need for plainer speech to France, arguing that a pacific policy did not imply what he termed "easy-ooziness" to an international crime such as the occupation of the Ruhr. Immediately on taking office, he began to cultivate M. Poincaré's good graces with professions of unbounded affection, while he avoided like the plague a single word capable of implying a friendly feeling towards Germany. But at least he might be trusted, we all thought, to remember that an essential condition of a settlement, worth the paper on which it was written, was that Germany should be a willing party to it. In his obscure speech on the eve of his departure for Paris, he gave expression to this view. "The time has come now for us to get from Germany a document, a signature, an obligation, which has been undertaken in conditions

which really impose moral obligations upon Germany, and not merely an instrumental obligation to which she has been compelled to put her signature. Therefore it was suggested that when the time came we should be able to have with the German delegates a discussion."

But is it conceivable that along the lines on which the Conference is developing we can get from Germany anything else than "an instrumental obligation to which she has been compelled to put her signature"? It makes little difference whether, after the Allies have agreed upon their formulas, Germany is formally admitted to the Conference or not. No real discussion will be possible. Suppose that Germany raises objections on this point or that, objections very likely which the British representatives had themselves urged in the "inter-Allied" stage. Is it conceivable that the Allies will agree to reopen these questions, throw in the melting-pot formulas devised with laborious ingenuity, and start afresh? Is it not inevitable that the story of the Peace Conference at Versailles (designed originally as a mere preliminary to the real Peace Conference at which the Germans were to be present) will be repeated, that Germany will be told that all her suggestions are inadmissible, that she must "take it or leave it," that she should indeed be deeply grateful for the singular generosity which the Allies have displayed? Is it not even possible that, following on the precedent of President Wilson, Mr. MacDonald will prove the most adamant against hearing the German case, and the most unctuous in extolling the spotless impartiality of the document which she is asked to sign?

Until Monday of this week, it seemed as though the Conference would proceed on the familiar lines to this familiar conclusion. Committee 1, we were told, had successfully completed its formulas on sanctions and defaults, after an attempt by Mr. Snowden to assert the claims of principle had been promptly extinguished by his chief. There was a slight hitch on Committee 2, where the British held that the economic evacuation of the Ruhr must include the withdrawal of the French control of the railway system, but it was confidently hoped that some compromise would be arrived at on this point too in a spirit of "inter-Allied" give and take. Suddenly, and contrary to all precedent, a rude element of reality was imported into the proceedings. While everyone agreed that it would be improper to consider what the Germans thought, it was reluctantly conceded that it might be as well to find out what the bankers thought, since it would fall to them to underwrite the international loan which was to make the Dawes scheme palatable, by assuring France of early Reparation payments. The bankers spoke; and the work of Committee 1 was dissolved in ruins. In the whole of the long-drawn-out tragi-comedy of Reparations, there has been no more ironic incident. It has been left to the "international financiers," the leading Satanic figures of Labour propaganda, to make a stand for the elementary principles of international decency, which Labour has vehemently proclaimed, and which a Labour Prime Minister has shown himself prepared to compromise.

Whether this development will prove fatal to the Conference, or whether the case can be met by a combination of hectoring the bankers and squaring them by a slight revision of the formula, remains in doubt as we go to press. What unfortunately is no longer in doubt is that no real settlement will emerge from the present Conference. The plans that it may evolve will not represent a sincere and impartial application of the Dawes Report. The essence of the Dawes scheme was that France should abandon once and for all the political aim of the disintegration and permanent domination of



Germany which inspired, at least as alternative objective to Reparations, the occupation of the Ruhr. The essence of M. Poincaré's ambiguous attitude, before the French elections, was that while regarding it as inexpedient to reject a plan which might possibly yield Reparations, he refused to close the door on that monstrous alternative aim. The essence of the present French political situation is that M. Herriot dare not close the door upon it either. The essence of the labours of the London Conference is the elaboration of formulas, sufficiently plausible to satisfy British and American opinion, which will leave France perfectly free, not only to put pressure on Germany in the event of the "flagrant default" contemplated in the Dawes Report, but to switch over from the aim of Reparations to that of political disintegration at any moment that it suits her. It is precisely this that cannot be left open to her, consistently with an honest interpretation of the Dawes Report.

Even to an honest interpretation of it, it would be difficult enough to secure the adherence of Germany. Germany is invited to submit herself to a series of measures of foreign control, to which no country of a similar importance has ever been subjected before—measures which are designed, not as in the case of Austria with a single-minded desire to promote her own recovery, but primarily with a view to extracting from her the maximum payments of which she is capable for the benefit of France. She would be well advised to agree to this, she would, we believe, agree, with a sincere determination to do her best, if the Allies on their side were to display a manifestly genuine intention to observe the spirit of the Dawes Report. But can we be surprised if she refuses, can we blame her if she refuses, to incur fresh and humiliating obligations, when it is plain that France may revert to the policy of dismembering her, if the Reparation yield proves disappointing?

It was Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's essential duty to stand inflexible for an honest interpretation of the Dawes Report. He has made it his governing aim to secure at all costs an arrangement which will keep M. Herriot in office—at the cost, if need be, of distorting the Dawes Report. His whole diplomacy is thereby, we fear, already doomed to failure.

### THE LONDON CONFERENCE AND TERRITORIAL SANCTIONS.

ONE item, amongst the conclusions of the Conference so far disclosed, is so vital, both to the acceptance of the ultimate scheme by Germany on the one hand and by the investors of the world on the other hand, that it deserves to be picked out for isolated emphasis and warning.

The Dawes scheme can provide no solution unless it marks a complete break with the past *régime* of Ruhr Occupations and the like. A month ago this was universally accepted in this country. In the exhausting combat of daily debate it would seem that the natural desire for compromise has allowed the sharp distinction, between what is proposed for the future and what has happened in the past, to be slurred over. The penalties to be enforced in the event of a German default are merely superimposed on the existing conditions of the Treaty of Versailles, and no attempt is made to clear up doubts as to the position under that Treaty. From the report of the First Committee of the Conference, as published on Monday, it appears that any powers of individual action at present possessed by Allied Governments under the Treaty of Versailles remain unmodified.

Nor is there any definition as to whether the penal measures contemplated include territorial sanctions.

Fortunately, the bankers, who have been consulted, have had the public spirit and the good sense to ask that, as a condition of the loan, the possibility of future Ruhr expeditions should be clearly excluded. We have reason to be grateful to the British and American financiers who are refusing to be a party to Mr. MacDonald's subterfuges.

At the moment of writing, the future course of the Conference is still obscure. But even if the bankers succumb to the politicians, it is extraordinarily shortsighted to suppose that any settlement can be reached acceptable to Germany, or, indeed, one which can be reasonably proffered to Germany, which does not clear up all doubts. Mr. MacDonald and Monsieur Herriot cannot expect that ambiguities, introduced with the object of avoiding the discussion of awkward questions, can be left unchallenged by Germany.

It seems to me both right and inevitable that the German Government should immediately ask certain questions if they are presented with the text reached by the First Committee of the London Conference. They are bound to ask: (1) Do the penal measures contemplated include territorial sanctions? (2) Is a single Power acting in isolation entitled to apply either territorial or other sanctions? (3) Is the military occupation of the Ruhr, a continuation of which appears to be contemplated in some shape or form, legitimized by all the members of the London Conference? If so, to what section of the Treaty of Versailles do the assembled Powers unanimously appeal as justifying this occupation?

If the German Government ask these questions, they are entitled to a reply. Is there any reply to which both the British Government and the French Government can subscribe? Is it not a continuation of the worst traditions of our post-war diplomacy to present unanimously to the Germans a document the most important adherents to which interpret it in different ways and are well aware that each interprets it in a different way? There should be some decent limit to the divergence between a politician's declarations out of office and in office. It is not creditable to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald—to whom personally, if rumour is to be credited, and not to his Cabinet or to his party, the surrender is to be attributed—that it should have been left to international financiers to recall him to a sense of honest behaviour between nations.

J. M. KEYNES.

### WHEAT.

PERHAPS the most important event in recent weeks, transcending Dawes Reports, Housing Bills, Revolutions in Brazil, and Presidential Elections, has been the world-wide rise in the price of wheat.

In this country the price of flour has risen from 38s. a sack last March to 46s. 6d. to-day, or about 22 per cent. So far British wheat has not shared fully in the increase of price in the exporting countries. At a price of about 51s. per quarter, it is 3s. above the price of a month ago and 3s. 6d. above last year's price. It is also approaching its right figure in relation to other commodities, judged on the pre-war basis. Abroad, however, the rise has been much more sensational. Northern Manitoba wheat is now 10s. 6d. a quarter above its price of a year ago. The rise in Argentine

wheat has been about equivalent. The dollar price of wheat in Chicago is now 30 per cent. above its price at this time last year, at nearly 128 cents a bushel as compared with 97 cents a year ago and 84 cents in 1913.

All through the past year the supplies of wheat available in the world have been ample, and the rise in price is entirely due to a prospective reduction of supplies rather than to any shortage at the moment. Indeed, the carry-over at the date of the beginning of the current harvest will be bigger than for many years past. The anticipations of the market are mainly due to two causes. In Canada the crop, whilst by no means bad compared with the average of previous years, will not reach the remarkable bumper figures of the past two years;—the latest estimate is for 319,000,000 bushels as compared with 474,000,000 last year. Elsewhere, and particularly in the United States, the fact that the price of wheat recently has been unremunerative to the farmers has led to a general curtailment of the production of this particular commodity, not anywhere on a sensational scale but appreciable in the aggregate.

It is too early as yet to say whether the final outcome of the harvest will be such as to justify the current predictions of the market or whether the high prices lately established will be sustained through the heavy selling period of the autumn months. But it is quite possible that we are on the eve of the fundamental adjustment which many authorities have been anticipating for the past two or three years.

It is clear that compared with the years before the war the price of wheat, and to a lesser extent of some other agricultural products, has tended to be too low as compared with the prices of manufactured articles, with the result that the agricultural sections of the international market have been considerably impoverished. Some part of the so-called lack of purchasing power overseas has been attributable to this fact. It has been difficult for the farmers to know how to readjust their relative economic situation, and the process has not been rapid. But the readjustment, if it has now arrived, will be an economic event of the first magnitude.

As regards Great Britain, the effects are likely to be of opposed kinds. On the one hand, the cost of our imported supplies will be immensely enhanced, as can be easily calculated from the figure of 29 million quarters as the approximate total of our necessary imports. On the other hand, the transfer of purchasing power into the hands of the farming communities of the world may have far-reaching effects in the stimulation of markets for certain types of goods. The change, moreover, opens out for British agriculture a prospect of relief from the depression which has long lain over it. Last September we ventured to predict, in the face of momentarily adverse tendencies, that our agriculture would obtain relief in this way before very long, pointing out that "with the staple products of the world's harvests . . . it is often but a short step from a condition of apparently overwhelming abundance to one of dangerous scarcity."

We draw the attention of our readers to a matter rather outside our usual field, because the readjustment between the interests of agriculture and industry throughout the world is the kind of event which often receives from the public much less attention than it deserves until the movement is almost over and is passing into history.

## THE BRITISH EMPIRE IN 1924.

### I.—THE EMPIRE IN FLUX.

THE holding of a British Empire Exhibition provides a convenient occasion for a process of imperial stock-taking. What is the British Empire? Whither is it tending? How has it been affected by the war? In what respects have recent events altered the previous relationship between Great Britain and the overseas realm of King George? What is to be the relation between the British Empire and the League of Nations? Finally, what attitude should the people of Great Britain adopt in this changed situation, what philosophy of empire emerges for us out of the changes of recent years?

That these questions need to be asked, and to be discussed fairly and frankly, is the first point which must strike any student of the subject. For the present condition of confusion and of resultant insincerity, into which the problem of the British imperial system has drifted, is not only damaging to our own intellectual integrity, but is exasperating to foreign nations and may at any moment lead to serious international difficulties. This is indeed an understatement: it has already led to serious difficulties, the effects of which, in some cases, are still embarrassing our statesmanship.

The British Empire is the largest, most populous, and potentially most powerful State in the world—if it is a State. Its power is based on its command of the sea, which it shares with the United States and, in certain seas, with lesser navies; but, unlike the United States, it is distributed through five or, counting South America, six continents, and can base its strategy upon that dominant fact. It comprises, especially in Asia and Africa, some of the most important resources of industrial raw material, access to which is vital to manufacturing populations in Europe and elsewhere. It matters a great deal to the world what use the British Empire, or its constituent Governments, intend to make of its sea-power and its economic power.

Again, the British Empire is a political embodiment of a certain type of civilization—the civilization or way of living which is sometimes called "Western," sometimes "industrial," "commercial," or "capitalist," sometimes simply "modern." Its power and prominence represent the "success," in the world's eye, of certain qualities of practical initiative, energy, and organization. If it stands, or has stood, for certain political values, for law and order, for justice and tolerance, and for the development of representative institutions on the English model, it stands also for certain social values, for the appreciation of just those qualities of brain and spirit in which its rulers excel, of those objects of ambition and desire which serve as incentives to their energy. But to-day, both in the East and in the West, the world's values are slowly changing. The world has a right to know whether Britain's values are changing also. Is the British Empire to stand simply for a scheme of life summed up in political stability and economic development with "culture" as a bye-product of "success"? Or will it seek to untap deeper and purer sources of living for the many peoples under its flag?

The problem of the nature of the British Empire is really a twofold problem. It is at once a problem of government and a problem of nationality. This is indicated by the two words in its designation—"empire" and "British." In what sense is the British realm an "empire"? That is a problem of govern-



ment. In what sense is that empire British? That is a problem of nationality. It is indispensable to clear thinking to keep these two problems distinct. No doubt they are closely related, for almost every subject of King George is also a member of one of the many nations whose homeland is under his rule. But the two problems require to be considered separately, and to be solved separately. To confuse them, as is too often done, is to render both insoluble. The problem of adapting the political institutions of the Empire to the new situation brought about by the admission of the Dominions and India to independent membership of the League of Nations is totally distinct from the problem involved by the growth of a new intellectual life and self-consciousness, not only in French Canada and Dutch South Africa—not to speak of India—but among the English-speaking peoples in the various Dominions. In both cases the words "British Empire" suggest an overlordship on the part of this island. But the political overlordship is of a very different character from the intellectual and educational overlordship; and the lines of advance in the two cases may be widely divergent.

Let us take the problem of government first.

Here the confusion is best illustrated by the increasing reluctance to employ the word "Empire." In spite of "the Order of the British Empire" and "the British Empire Exhibition," other forms of designation have become increasingly familiar. Two of them have even been recognized in official documents. The well-known Imperial Conference Resolution of 1917 recognized the Dominions as "autonomous nations," and India as "an important part," of "an Imperial Commonwealth." The Irish Treaty of 1921 recognized the Irish Free State as part of the "British Commonwealth of Nations." Two other designations have also come into common use. We hear of "a British League of Nations" and of "a Britannic Alliance."

These titles indicate five different conceptions of the political status of the Empire, none of which, curious to relate, corresponds to the accepted constitutional realities of to-day. For in point of fact there cannot be said to exist either a binding central authority, whether in the form of overlordship ("Empire") or of confederation ("Imperial Commonwealth"), nor an all-British Covenant, nor an all-British alliance or network of alliances, nor even any document binding the British members of the wider league to the vaguer relationship adumbrated by General Smuts in his title "British Commonwealth of Nations." There exists a written bond between the fifty-four members of the League of Nations, including its seven British members. That is an alliance, and more than an alliance. But between these seven members themselves there exists no such relationship. Their association is based, not on a document, but on an understanding. It is not an alliance: it is an *Entente*. From the point of view of the political scientist the correctest designation of what used to be called the British Empire would be "the *Britannic Entente*."

Moreover, the *Britannic Entente* is an *Entente* which, just because it subsists between States not nominally sovereign, is interrupted between Conference and Conference because there is no diplomatic machinery to maintain it. The old machinery of communication through the Colonial Office and its representative, the Governor-General, has fallen into desuetude, but no new arrangement has as yet taken its place. The Home Government acquiesced in principle in 1920 to the Canadian demand for separate diplomatic representation at Washington. In other words, it conceded

that Dominion status involves the right to a separate foreign policy, to separate agents for carrying out that policy, and, as must follow, for the right to declare war and make peace like any other sovereign State. But the full effect of this logic has not yet been generally grasped in the Dominions, and no separate diplomatic representatives have yet been appointed. But it has nevertheless become an open question whether His Majesty, in whose name Dominion Ministers affix their signatures to international documents, is sovereign of one indivisible empire, including the Dominions, or whether he has drifted into the same separate relationship towards them as his great-great-grandfather occupied in respect of Hanover. Is the link of the Crown a personal link, or is it an organic link? If the Crown disappeared, would the empire remain a unity? Or, as we are sometimes told by incautious orators who are less "imperial" than they realize, is the Crown, that is the titular sovereignty of a representative of the House of Windsor, really the only constitutional bond between Great Britain and the Dominions?

These are not idle questions or academic conundrums. They have an important bearing on the development of public opinion, especially among the younger generation, in Canada, South Africa, and Ireland, and come into play also in connection with the problem of guarantees for security in Europe and elsewhere. The issues involved in them should not be shirked.

A similar confusion exists in the realm of nationality. The word "British," for instance, is used in some five or six different senses—sometimes as the adjective of Great Britain, sometimes of the whole Empire, sometimes in intermediate applications. There was a similar ambiguity, or, to be more exact, a similar element of cultural penetration, eighteen hundred years ago in the expression *Civis Romanus*. Is it our aim to Anglicize (happily "British" has not yet grown a verb) the subjects of King George in the same way as the subjects of Augustus and his successors, from the Euphrates to the Rhine, were Romanized? Or has the study of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire suggested to us a different policy?

This, too, is an issue which cannot be shirked; for it is constantly arising, in countless forms, at home, in the Dominions, in India, and in the Crown Colonies.

ALFRED ZIMMERN.

## LIFE AND POLITICS

THERE is much astonishment and a good deal of anger in League of Nations circles at the blow which Mr. MacDonald has given in advance to the next Assembly at Geneva. The rejection by the Government of the Treaty of Mutual Assistance and the proposal that the problem of disarmament should be transferred from the Assembly to an *ad hoc* body would seem like a calculated attack on the League, if such an idea were not unthinkable in connection with the Prime Minister. No one can doubt his sincere passion for the cause which the League embodies; but no one can doubt, on the other hand, that he is doing that cause a grave disservice. In the person of Lord Balfour, and afterwards of Lord Robert Cecil, this country, in spite of the coldness of previous Governments, has contributed the vital spark to the gatherings of the League. It is hardly too much to say that the instructed enthusiasm of Lord

Robert sustained the whole fabric of the League during three critical years. His replacement by Lord Parmoor was a calamity, for it meant that the British representation on the League, instead of being the dominant factor, would become practically negligible. The announcement that Mr. MacDonald intended to be present at the Assembly—not as a mere gesture, it was hoped, but as the effective voice of this country in the discussions—was taken as an indication that the Prime Minister did not mean that the British influence should be lost. In these circumstances it is difficult to put any intelligible construction upon what amounts to the sandbagging of the Assembly. With the Treaty of Mutual Assistance cavalierly dismissed and with disarmament ruled out of discussion, why attend the Assembly at all? Why hold it at all? There are many vulnerable points in the Treaty and much occasion for criticism in details, but its fundamental aim is in accord with the whole spirit of the League, and it had the supreme virtue of winning French approval to a reasonable policy. Now the French turn round, with superficial justice, and say that it is we who put the spoke in the wheel of peace.

The only explanation of the matter which suggests itself is that Mr. MacDonald has fallen between the obscure purposes of the Foreign Office officials on the one hand and the unintelligent pacifism of Lord Parmoor on the other. I referred the other week to the unprecedented extent to which the present Government rely upon the permanent staffs in the various departments. That is, in view of the novelty of their tasks, generally a wise course. There is one grave exception. The foreign policy of this country has always been far too much the work of one or two officials at the Foreign Office who are hardly known to the public by name. It was hoped that the advent of a Labour Government would do something to correct this bureaucratic control of our most vital interests. So far from that being the case, that control is more established under the present régime than ever before. And it has to be borne in mind that the whole tradition of the Foreign Office is hostile to the League of Nations.

A great deal of ingenuity is apparent in the formula which has been reached at the London Conference on the crucial "default" problem. As an exercise in the art of squaring the circle it has great merits, but whether it will produce the money may be doubted. One of the most influential American statesmen in London at the present time is more than sceptical on this point, and as it is America to which we have to look mainly for the provision of the loan, his view of what America would regard as adequate security is of importance. The provisions for declaring Germany in default are regarded as unsatisfactory, for the Americans have very rightly lost all confidence in the Reparations Commission, and even the presence of an American does not restore confidence in that body. It is what may happen after "wilful default" is declared, however, which makes the scheme most open to distrust. If upon receiving the declaration of default the Allied Governments do not agree upon the penal measures to be taken, resort will be had to Annex II. of Part VIII. of the Treaty of Versailles, and "some Governments," we are discreetly told, "may feel at liberty to take independent action." In plain terms, we should be back at the position we were in when M. Poincaré went into the Ruhr in the teeth of the protests of the British Government and in pursuance of an interpretation of the Treaty which has been formally

repudiated by this country. "That is not the sort of security on which people are likely to lend money" is the comment of the authority I have quoted.

The debate in the House of Lords on the Indian Civil Service widened out, as all discussions on India in these days tend to do, into the whole problem of the future of the Dependency. And, like most discussions again, it left the murk of that future unrelieved. Lord Olivier had little to say, and said that little so badly that he darkened rather than illuminated counsel. He has evidently no panacea for the spirit of despair that is settling down over the relations of the two countries. The days when the Indian Civil Service was the prize for which the best brains in the Universities strove have passed, and whatever changes are made as the result of the recommendations of Lord Lee's Commission, they are not likely to return in view of the present outlook in India. It is the unvarying opinion of Anglo-Indians who have returned with recent experience of the temper of the country that the present situation is impossible; but when they are asked what that situation leads to or what is the remedy for the discontents, they are all equally barren of ideas. I do not think anyone can read that remarkable book "A Passage to India" without sharing the perplexity. The picture it presents of the clash of two civilizations is unrelieved by any suggestion of how the temperamental conflict is to be resolved, or the relations of rulers and ruled are to be so modified as to make them mutually tolerable. "What can be done," asked an Anglo-Indian the other day, "when the Indian Civil Service is permeated with the spirit of the 'Morning Post' of forty years ago?" A good deal has happened in India since forty years ago, but I do not see any visible change in the "Morning Post."

International sport is a very doubtful aid to international understanding. It is liable to create more bad blood than good feeling, and the Paris meeting in connection with the Olympic Games has been unusually prolific in disputes and dissatisfactions. The most deplorable affair was that in which the French boxer Brousse, after biting his English opponent Mallin and generally conducting himself in a way which should have led to his being ordered from the ring, was awarded the verdict by the referee. The judgment was so gross an outrage upon the decencies of sport that the British, American, and Australian representatives announced their intention to withdraw from the Games if it was not reversed. It is hardly likely, in any case, that after the experiences at Paris the Olympic festival will survive. There are enough causes of international bitterness at work without adding sport to them, and it will be well to postpone these gatherings until some of our Continental neighbours have mended their manners.

I was deeply shocked to read of the tragic end of Sir William Herdman on the eve of his daughter's wedding. Three weeks ago I was a fellow-guest with him in a delightful excursion arranged by Mr. Richard Holt to the Orkney and Faeroe Islands. Among a company which included many men whose names are household words in the land, he was easily the most memorable figure. His spirit was as joyous as his learning was profound, and none of us who were his companions on that voyage will forget the delight with which he led us among the "standing stones" and antiquities of Stromness or the genial sunshine of the spirit that he shed even on the fogs we encountered in the Faeroes. It is hard to think of death in connection with so vivid a flame if life.

A. G. G.



## THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

## "SOCIAL REFORM."

WEDNESDAY, JULY 23RD.

FOR the past week the House of Commons has been engaged in the work of "Social reform," the discussion of Education, the passing of a Bill dealing with Unemployment Insurance, and the terrific problem of Housing. You would think that there would be crowded audiences, fierce interest, suggestions and recommendations pressed with eagerness or anger. Instead you have had a Chamber most of the day scantily filled, in which specialists with incredible earnestness have pressed forward amendments, technical, and altogether incomprehensible to the general, while that general has gazed at them with a wild surmise, and after a time has marched off to tea on the Terrace. Vigour has only been stirred up late in the evening. In each of the days devoted to the Committee stage of the Housing Bill, Mr. Clynes has suspended the eleven o'clock rule, while at the same time he has promised to conclude at a reasonable hour and not to hold an all-night sitting. By such naive strategy he has gained the disadvantages of both worlds. A certain number of Tories conceived the bright and humorous idea of carrying on the "debate" until just the time when Labour and Liberal Members will have lost their latest night trains and be compelled to walk to their homes or spend money on conveyances which they can ill afford. Every night, therefore, soon after ten o'clock, intelligible debate has ceased, and drivel has continued from the mouth of five or six of these jocund spirits until between half-past twelve and one. Their object having been achieved, they cheerfully roll home in their motors, leaving the odd two or three hundred to splash through rain or fight for taxis as best they can. It is an admirable, if not a conspicuously chivalrous method, and it is only fair to say it receives no encouragement from the Whips or the leaders of the Tory Party.

The greater part of the days have been devoted to desperate efforts by the Liberal Housing specialists to make the Bill fair and workable, while the Tories as a whole have maintained a glum silence, with only occasional interventions to curse the whole affair. That, indeed, is not unnatural on their part, for they voted against its second reading, and did everything possible to persuade the Liberals to do the same; and mocked and gibed at these when they saved the Bill from destruction. The attempt to improve it has been rendered greatly difficult by the very closely drawn nature of the money resolution, which makes most substantial changes impossible as being out of order. But the men who know the Housing problem to their fingers' ends, like Mr. Trevelyan Thomson, Mr. E. D. Simon, Mr. Ernest Brown, Sir George McCrae, Mr. Vivian, Mr. Franklin, and others, have slogged away with unwearying pertinacity. The greater number of the Liberal amendments have been accepted by Mr. Wheatley, and in so far as a Committee stage can improve the Bill, the Bill has been improved. Mr. Wheatley has been suffering from ill-health, and the bright dream of a building combination between employers and employed, eager to supply houses for the poor, is at present clouded by the chaotic struggle between the different sections of a wretchedly disorganized trade. The back-bench Tories have also developed another habit which seems to cause them infinite amusement, although perhaps amusement rather obscure to the outside critic. A Liberal Member will move an amendment. The Minister of Health, although he cannot accept the exact words, promises to embody the substance of it in the report stage. The Liberal Member, having received such promise, asks

leave (as in all previous traditions of Parliament) to withdraw. Whereat, with raucous cries, the less balanced back-bench Tories refuse that request, and derive infinite satisfaction from compelling the mover to vote against his own amendment. Such are the spectacles day by day revealed to that proportion of the thousands from overseas and elsewhere who press for admission to witness the dignity and efficiency of the Mother of Parliaments.

On the Housing Bill and the Unemployment Insurance Bill, the Government has been beaten from time to time, and newspapers have made what excitement they could out of the fact of "Another defeat of the Government." It is probable that with the three-party system, which is destined to stay, at least for the immediate future, such Government defeats will become more rather than less frequent, whatever party is in power. It is a more wholesome system than that conception of infallibility which enabled the Whips to drive their unhappy followers to vote for some change in a Bill which many of them disliked on the ground that if it was announced that the Government had been defeated the world would come to an end. Supply stands by itself, as a vote of censure directed against a particular Minister must mean that Minister's resignation. And a Ministry must fall if defeated on the Budget or on a definite vote of no confidence. But more and more we shall find a refusal to accept the proposals of a minority party as pontifical. More and more we shall find that party following such a precedent as that of Disraeli in 1867, devising a Bill to the best of its ability and throwing it to the House of Commons as a whole to improve it as it pleases. Already, with Wembley and boosters and murders filling the great journals, you have to look to the back corner of a page to find the news of the Government defeat on a Bill which does not excite a moment's emotion in the heart of the most desperate politician.

The interest in Education, which is supposed to be the key of all reform, was sufficiently exhibited on Tuesday by the fact that a "count" took place in the middle of the debate, and that the correspondent of a great paper has described it as luring into utterance "all the worst speakers in the House." This, in a sense, may be accounted for by the fact that there were no proposals to be discussed in the form of a Bill, that the House had been up till nearly 3 o'clock the night before, and the Members have had about enough of this present session, which has been a queer, confused, disordered chaos, where ignorant armies clash by night, without any of the life and fire and passion which former controversies have excited. Mr. Charles Trevelyan appears to be desirous of doing what can be done without legislation for educational advance, but his immediate promises fall far short of the rhetorical and enthusiastic speeches which he has been making through the country to groups of teachers. Mr. Ackroyd made an earnest and informed plea for the cripple children. Mrs. Wintringham pressed for nursery schools, made more necessary by the overcrowding in the homes. Sir Martin Conway gave a moment's liveliness to a somnolent afternoon by inveighing heartily against the "whole bureaucratic system," and demanding that schools should prepare boys for (apparently) running away to sea. "Just as we export the best cattle all over the world, so we ought to export ourselves and replenish the earth," he announced amid laughter. Mr. Trevelyan's one positive proposal is to shift half the cost of maintenance grants to scholars on to the Exchequer, and he made a welcome announcement of his intention to eliminate the untrained supplementary teacher. All this is well enough, but hardly adequate to the bouquets thrown him by Miss Susan Lawrence, who seems so mysteriously anxious to make electioneering speeches rather than to give the House the advantage of her unusually full educational experience.

M.P.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## SOCIAL INSURANCE EXTENSION BILL.

SIR,—Before commenting on this proposed Bill, one's obvious and pleasant duty is to congratulate Sir William Beveridge and his collaborators on their notable achievement, which Liberals generally will hail with deep satisfaction as a definite step toward the realization of a cherished ideal.

Apart from the evils it is designed to remove, the Bill interests me most in its relation to the Workmen's Compensation Acts, and while I am well aware that Sir William Beveridge has by no means neglected this aspect of the whole Social Insurance question, I think something should be done in this Bill (pending the inclusion of the workmen's compensation scheme within the completed system of National Insurance) to meet certain anomalies that are bound to arise out of its relation to those Acts.

(1) In the first place, I suggest that Clause 6 (2) should be amended so as to read something like this:—

Widows' pensions, orphans' pensions, and pension benefit in respect of any employed contributor whose death resulted from an industrial accident or industrial disease for which compensation is payable under the Workmen's Compensation Acts shall not be payable after the date on which such compensation is received by the claimant either in whole or in part as mutually agreed upon by the parties involved, and if for any reason a claimant is deprived, through no fault of her (or their) own recognizable as an offence under this Act, of the full award of the Court, or of the settlement otherwise mutually agreed upon, such claimant shall become entitled to the relative provisions, in full or in part according to the extent of her (or their) deprivation, of this Act.

It will be seen that the first part of this amendment is intended to provide immediate relief for widows and orphans who are *prima facie* entitled to compensation under the aforementioned Acts, but who have to wait without means of support until their claim is settled. As things are now this is already in many cases an undoubted hardship, and, by comparison with the immediate relief provided for normal widowhood and orphanhood under this new Act, it will be greatly accentuated. Moreover, since the purpose of the proposed Act is to remove all hardship consequent upon the death of an insured breadwinner, it ought not to overlook this temporary exposure to destitution in the case of our more tragically bereaved households. The second part of the amendment is designed to secure the claimant against such contingencies as the abscondence or bankruptcy of the liable party. It may be that such a claimant would find her way to the benefits of the new Act under Clause 14 (1), or that regulations governing her position would be forthcoming under the provisions of Clause 17, but I am of opinion that such a position is of sufficient importance to merit a clear definition in the text of the Bill itself.

(2) I would insert under Clause 6 a new par. (3) making the following provision:—

That the widow and orphans of an employed contributor in respect of whose death they are entitled to compensation under the Workmen's Compensation Acts shall have the right to forgo such compensation and to claim instead the benefits provided under this Act, in which case the said compensation shall be payable to the Minister of Health, who shall apply it to the purposes of the unemployment fund.

The advantages of the proposed widows' and orphans' benefit over compensation will in most cases be very real, as a simple illustration will show. Under this new Act a widow with three children aged five years, three years, and one year respectively would receive approximately the under-noted benefits, assuming that her children remained at school until they were sixteen:—

	£
In respect of herself ... ..	585
" " " 1st child ... ..	172
" " " 2nd " ... ..	203
" " " 3rd " ... ..	234
Total benefit	£1,194

Now take the case of another widow in precisely the same circumstances, but whose husband was killed at his work or died from an industrial disease. She would receive as compensation, let us say, £400. The extent of the dis-

crepancy becomes at once apparent; but it deserves to be emphasized. In the first case the total weekly benefit works out at £1 13s. If the widow in the second case spent an equal amount her total compensation would maintain her and her family for merely about five years, or six years at the outside if the unused portion of her compensation was continuously invested at an average rate of interest. In other words, both capital and interest would be exhausted before even her eldest child reached the age of eleven. In the other case benefit under the proposed Act would continue at £1 13s. per week for eleven years, or until her eldest child was sixteen, at £1 7s. per week for two years more, at £1 1s. per week for a further two years, and at 15s. per week for a still further period of fifteen weeks—representing in all a continuous receipt of benefit for over fifteen years, as against six years in the compensation case. It seems obvious from this that compulsory exclusion of the latter from the provisions of the new Act may place the victim at a very serious and unfair disadvantage.

(3) There are three other points that I would like merely to touch upon. Will the 156 insurance payments to be credited to the childless widow from her husband's contributions entitle her to immediate unemployment benefit? If not, I suggest that such a widow should receive widows' benefit for, say, fifteen weeks to enable her to readjust herself without undue haste and anxiety to her new situation.

Another point that might with advantage be elucidated is whether or not widows with dependent children, and in receipt of full benefit, will be obliged to abstain from working for wages so as to give their whole time to the care of the family. If such a widow were discovered to be out of her home all day, would this be reckoned an offence under Clause 7 (1), or would her right to do so be left to the discretion of insurance officers? This important point seems to me to have been left in too great obscurity.

Finally, in regard to Clause 14 (2), I would insert after "the person to whom . . ." the words "or the institution to which." It is quite conceivable that many dependent children whose mothers have been disqualified from widows' benefit may perforce find their way into institutions administered under the Poor Law or maintained wholly or partly by charitable contributions, and I would therefore urge strongly that explicit provision be made in the Bill for the payment of orphans' benefit to such institutions in respect of each dependent child whom they receive, so that the little ones may be preserved as far as possible from the humiliating taint of pauperism.—Yours, &c.,

Johnstone, N.B.

J. M. WYLIE.

## THE AMERICAN PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN.

SIR,—Your admirable discussion of the American Presidential Campaign (altogether the best I've seen in England) ought, perhaps, to be supplemented at one point where your article of the 12th inst. evinces some uncertainty. Indeed, this point is the core of the matter.

Of the La Follette platform you say: "In its old-fashioned assumptions of government and democratic method, it is, if we mistake not, out of harmony with the advanced thought of the industrial centres."

The principal industrial "plank" in the platform is public ownership of the railways. The scheme is the famous Plumb Plan of socialization, which the associated railway unions promulgated and forced into Congress in the shape of the Sims Bill in 1919. Its central idea is quite akin to British Guild Socialism (of which Mr. Plumb, by the way, had never heard; his plan grew out of his experiences, first as a railway president, next as attorney for the railway unions). The 1919 and 1920 Conventions of the American Federation of Labour adopted the plan, over the outspoken opposition of Mr. Gompers.

Now, the very unions responsible for this socializing movement made the backbone of the Convention which nominated La Follette. The Cleveland Convention was called by the Conference for Progressive Political Action, which has three principal elements: unions (the railway and other advanced organizations); farmers (that is, owner-workers, especially old Nonpartisan Leaguers and State farmer-labour parties); the Socialist Party. The Conference for the past few years has functioned much like the British Labour



Representation Committee of 1900-1906. The La Follette platform is substantially that adopted by the Conference last February.

Another "plank" specifies the development of a national super-power system, under public ownership, with workers participating in the management. A third industrial "plank" covers similar ownership and control of "natural resources," including coal, water-power, oil, ore, &c. "Red Socialism" is going to be a popular bogey in the anti-La Follette Press during this campaign.

"It makes no difference whom the Republicans or Democrats nominate; neither will be elected." That was the prophecy last winter of a Senator (who later refused the vice-presidential nomination of his party). Another prophesied: "The Democratic bosses will let McAdoo and Smith tear the Convention to pieces on religious and prohibition issues; then the bosses will go as far as they please—they may even name Davis, Morgan's attorney." Such remarks suggest that, in the long run, the most important political event of the year was the Cleveland Convention's expressed intention of organizing, on the basis of an expected "big La Follette vote," a third, or farmer-labour, party on a national scale next winter. The greetings of the British Labour Party, cabled to the Cleveland Convention, were received there as an omen of "power in 1928." If 1924 should really mark the opening of a new chapter in American politics, history will be chiefly concerned with the facts which I have cited.—Yours, &c.,

HEBER BLANKENHORN,  
London correspondent for "Labor,"  
Washington, D.C.

July 13th.

#### "SOME QUESTIONS TO MR. WHEATLEY."

SIR,—Your excellent article and the letter from an Ipswich Councillor under the above heading prompt me to stress another point which is not, I think, sufficiently realized by many Liberals who are anxious to improve our housing conditions.

Every occupier of a municipal cottage or flat who does not pay an economic rent is as truly a *pauper* as the person who obtains a loaf of bread or other relief from the Guardians. In other words, he is being partly maintained by the ratepayers and taxpayers.

How far is this process of pauperization to go? Who are to be the chosen people?

At present, judging from the experiment in this borough, the house paupers consist largely of municipal employees, and in addition to their high wages they are receiving about £70 per annum each by way of subsidy from the rates and taxes. There are 140 flats, so there is a total charge upon the community of £9,800 per annum.

This state of things is as unfair to that large majority of working men who pay an economic rent as it is a danger to the honesty of our municipal life. The only way to minimize the danger is not to fix rents, as Mr. Wheatley would do, but to let the cottages or flats built by the community at the highest rents which they will command in the market.

May I add one remark about the cost of housing? It is not high wages that we need fear—it is *ca'-canny*. I know builders who are paying their bricklayers much more than the Union rate because they lay anything from one to two hundred per cent. more bricks than the Union man.—Yours, &c.,

H. WESTBURY PRESTON.

6, Lindfield Gardens, Hampstead, N.W.3.  
July 16th, 1924.

#### MR. LLOYD GEORGE AND THE AMERICAN DEBT.

SIR,—The profound saying that no man was ever written down except by himself has found fresh exemplification in Mr. Lloyd George's utterances concerning the funding of the American debt. That transaction seemed sound from every point of view; but supposing it were unsound, what good purpose could be served by attacking the settlement now? Is it worth while to irritate America in order to disparage Mr. Baldwin?

The position of the Liberal Party is none too strong, and with divided allegiance it will be impossible. The fact that

Mr. Asquith had supported the settlement ought to have prevented Mr. Lloyd George from attacking it.

I am a person of no importance, but I think I reflect the opinion of many City Liberals who do not agree that A should refrain from settling a debt to B until C deals with a debt to A.—Yours, &c.,

CHAS. WRIGHT.

Sutton, Surrey, July 22nd, 1924.

#### THE POLICY OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

SIR,—In his article under this title in your last issue Mr. Keynes praises the "non-flationist" policy, and says (my italics): "A continuance of this policy will probably—by reason of the depreciation of the dollar—bring sterling back to its old parity in due course. *It is only then that the controversy between the various monetary schools will really commence as a practical issue.*"

Why didn't Mr. Keynes make this very important statement of his views earlier? I feel that if he had he would not have lost, by his book on Monetary Reform, part of the influence he has in the City. Those of us who feel that until the gold standard is restored other and more elaborate schemes of monetary reform are impracticable will hope that Mr. Keynes will make his position clear.—Yours, &c.,

MONETARY REFORMER.

Lombard Street, July 21st, 1924.

[Mr. Keynes replies: "I fear that I must disappoint your amiable correspondent. My NATION article represented no change of view. If Mr. Baldwin's 'non-flationist' policy, i.e., policy of price stability, is continued by general consent, those who favour this policy have no practical grievance. It is only if and when this course results in a return to parity with the dollar that, on the one hand, the removal of the embargo on the export of gold becomes feasible, and, on the other, the obligation of our Mint to receive unlimited quantities of gold becomes dangerous. That is what I had in mind in writing the sentence which your correspondent italicizes. I am aware how dreadfully easy it would be to recover what your correspondent calls 'influence in the City';—he must not tempt me to burn incense in that neighbourhood!"—ED., THE NATION.]

#### RABELAIS AND THE SCHOLIASTS.

SIR,—My attention having been drawn to the "review" of my book in your issue of July 5th, may I be permitted to thank Mr. Aldington for the honour he has done me by classing my work by implication with those of Professor Lefranc and the other eminent students of Rabelais rather than with popular works which, on his evidence, the "plain man" reads and enjoys?

Nobody, I least of all, would wish to make of Rabelais "a didactic and solemn 'teacher,'" though equally nobody can deny that in the "Pantagruelion" chapters Rabelais outlined as a serious scheme his conceptions of progressive development. Indeed, I had hoped that I had made clear that Rabelais's definite plan of expounding Platonism in "Gargantua" was abandoned in the later work; that in fact if he was serious in his "Tiers" and "Quart Livres," these books are the very antithesis of Renaissance didacticism; and that he only then approximated to the standards of the seventeenth-century "common-sense" school. (Hence, by the way, my title from La Bruyère.) To set your reviewer's fears to rest I do at all times enjoy the romance, but, alas! not as he apparently does. I must confess to a preference for the pleasanter work,—*"Gargantua," "Tiers Livre,"* and *"Quart Livre,"*—as against the "Pantagruel," in which your reviewer's "bawdy jests and the rattle of pottle-pots" abound, and from which he quotes. If this is what the "plain man" wants, not only did I not intend my little book for him, but also he will look in vain for it there. If Mr. Aldington will translate the introductory selection he will find that, in classing as scholiasts all who see something noble in Rabelais, he places us with La Bruyère, who saw in the romance *le mets des plus exquis*. For myself I prefer La Bruyère's company to that of the early Panurge.

My reply would hardly be complete were I not to suggest that in his hatred of eminent Rabelaisians he had overlooked

the fact that the mass of legends, on which the "plain man's" fond view of Rabelais rests, has not withstood investigation.

In brief I consider that the "review" is a case of special pleading of the "plain man" against the literary and linguistic students whom he chooses to dub scholiasts. It is in no sense a review of my book.—Yours, &c.,

A. F. CHAPPELL.

#### THE SOCIETY FOR CULTURAL RELATIONS.

SIR,—As a member of the Society for Cultural Relations with present-day Russia, may I express a different point of view to that of your correspondent Mrs. Dryhurst?

Without in any way accepting Mrs. Dryhurst's statements, which further information might largely modify, I would suggest that diversity of conditions as regards freedom of thought and action need not prevent intellectual intercourse with Russia, any more than they prevent intercourse with the U.S.A., Italy, Hungary, Roumania, Spain, or between Protestant and Catholic countries, though censor-

ships of various kinds, from Government action to the Ku-Klux-Klan, exist in many of them.

Nor would everyone agree with Mrs. Dryhurst's optimistic estimate of freedom in England. It is only necessary to read Mr. Bernard Shaw's latest Preface to get a very different point of view. Mr. Shaw also gives a criterion for understanding the institutions and actions of different nations and periods, which is remarkably applicable to Russia. He says that the degree of toleration at any time depends on the strain under which society is maintaining its cohesion. Our slowly developed safeguards of freedom were swept away from 1914 to 1919 by the stress of war. Russia has undergone not only the stress of war, but the far greater strain of revolution and famine, and now, only emerging from feudalism and without any of the institutions or traditions of liberty, is engaged in the tremendous task of rebuilding society on a new economic foundation. No country has yet dared to trust to freedom when its existence was at stake. Is it for us to "decline intercourse" when we, notwithstanding our more stable conditions, have found tolerance so difficult to maintain?—Yours, &c.,

LILIAN HARRIS.

## MUGGLETON

By LYTTON STRACHEY.

NEVER did the human mind attain such a magnificent height of self-assertiveness as in England about the year 1650. Then it was that the disintegration of religious authority which had begun with Luther reached its culminating point. The Bible, containing the absolute truth as to the nature and the workings of the Universe, lay open to all; it was only necessary to interpret its assertions; and to do so all that was wanted was the decision of the individual conscience. In those days the individual conscience decided with extraordinary facility. Prophets and prophetesses ranged in crowds through the streets of London, proclaiming, with complete certainty, the explanation of everything. The explanations were extremely varied: so much the better—one could pick and choose. One could become a Behmenist, a Bidelian, a Coppinist, a Salmonist, a Dipper, a Traskite, a Tryonist, a Philadelphian, a Christadelphian, or a Seventh Day Baptist, just as one pleased. Samuel Butler might flout and flout at

"petulant, capricious sects,  
The maggots of corrupted texts";

but he, too, was deciding according to the light of his individual conscience. By what rule could men determine whether a text was corrupted, or what it meant? The rule of the Catholic Church was gone, and henceforward Eternal Truth might with perfect reason be expected to speak through the mouth of any fish-wife in Billingsgate.

Of these prophets the most famous was George Fox; the most remarkable was Lodowick Muggleton. He was born in 1609, and was brought up to earn his living as a tailor. Becoming religious, he threw over a charming girl, with whom he was in love and whom he was engaged to marry, on the ground that her mother kept a pawnbroker's shop and that usury was sinful. He was persuaded to this by his puritan friends, among whom was his cousin, John Reeve, a man of ardent temperament, fierce conviction, and unflinching holiness. Some years later, in 1650, two peculiar persons, John Tawny and John Robins, appeared in London. Tawny declared that he was the Lord's high priest, that it was his mission to lead the Jews back to Jerusalem, and that, incidentally, he was the King of France. Robins pro-

claimed that he was something greater: he was Adam, he was Melchizedek, he was the Lord himself. He had raised Jeremiah, Benjamin, and many others from the dead, and did they not stand there beside him, admitting that all he said was true? Serpents and dragons appeared at his command; he rode upon the wings of the wind; he was about to lead 144,000 men and women to the Mount of Olives through the Red Sea, on a diet of dry bread and raw vegetables. These two men, "greater than prophets," made a profound impression upon Muggleton and his cousin Reeve. A strange melancholy fell upon them, and then a more strange exaltation. They heard mysterious voices; they were holy; why should not they too be inspired? Greater than prophets. . . ? Suddenly Reeve rushed into Muggleton's room and declared that they were the chosen witnesses of the Lord, whose appearance had been prophesied in the Book of Revelation, xi. 3. Muggleton agreed that it was so. As for Tawny and Robins, they were devilish impostors, who must be immediately denounced. Sentence of eternal damnation should be passed upon them. The cousins hurried off on their mission, and discovered Robins in gaol, where he had been lodged for blasphemy. The furious embodiment of Adam, Melchizedek, and the Lord glared out at them from a window, clutching the bars with both hands. But Reeve was unabashed. "That body of thine," he shouted, pointing at his victim, "which was thy heaven, must be thy hell; and that proud spirit of thine, which said it was God, must be thy Devil. The one shall be as fire, and the other as brimstone, burning together to all eternity. This is the message of the Lord." The effect was instantaneous: Robins, letting go the bars, fell back, shattered. "It is finished," he groaned; "the Lord's will be done." He wrote a letter to Cromwell, recanting; was released from prison, and retired into private life, in the depths of the country. Tawny's fate was equally impressive. Reeve wrote on a piece of paper, "We pass sentence upon you of eternal damnation," and left it in his room. The wretched man fled to Holland, in a small boat, *en route* for Jerusalem, and was never heard of again.

After this the success of the new religion was assured. But Reeve did not live long to enjoy his glory. In a few months his fiery spirit had worn itself away,



and Muggleton was left alone to carry on the work. He was cast in a very different mould. Tall, thick-set, vigorous, with a great head, whose low brow, high cheek-bones, and projecting jaw almost suggested some Simian creature, he had never known a day's illness, and lived to be eighty-eight. Tough and solid, he continued, year after year, to earn his living as a tailor, while the words flowed from him which were the final revelation of God. For he preached and he wrote with an indefatigable volubility. He never ceased, in sermons, in letters, in books, in pamphlets, to declare to the world the divine and absolute truth. His revelations might be incomprehensible, his oburgations frenzied, his argumentations incoherent—no matter; disciples gathered round him in ever-thickening crowds, learning, to their amazement and delight, that there is no Devil but the unclean Reason of men, that Angels are the only beings of Pure Reason, that God is of the stature of a man and made of flesh and bone, that Heaven is situated beyond the stars and six miles above the earth. Schismatics might arise, but they were crushed, cast forth, and sentenced to eternal damnation. Inquiring magistrates were brow-beaten with multitudinous texts. George Fox, the miserable wretch, was overwhelmed—or would have been had he not obtained the assistance of the Devil—by thick volumes of intermingled abuse and Pure Reason. The truth was plain—it had been delivered to Muggleton by God; and henceforward, until the Day of Judgment, the Deity would hold no further communication with his creatures. Prayer, therefore, was not only futile, it was blasphemous; and no form of worship was admissible, save the singing of a few hymns of thanksgiving and praise. All that was required of the true believer was that he should ponder upon the Old and the New Testaments, and upon "The Third and Last Testament of Our Lord Jesus Christ," by Muggleton.

The English passion for compromise is well illustrated by the attitude of Charles the Second's Government towards religious heterodoxy. There are two logical alternatives for the treatment of heretics—to let them alone, or to torture them to death; but English public opinion recoiled—it still recoils—from either course. A compromise was the obvious, the comfortable solution; and so it was decided that heretics should be tortured—not to death, oh no!—but . . . to some extent. Accordingly, poor Muggleton became a victim, for years, to the small persecutions of authority. He was badgered by angry justices, he was hunted from place to place, his books were burnt, he was worried by small fines and short imprisonments. At last, at the age of sixty-eight, he was arrested and tried for blasphemy. In the course of the proceedings, it appeared that the prosecution had made a serious blunder: since the publication of the book on which the charge was based an Act of Indemnity had been passed. Thereupon the Judge instructed the jury that, as there was no reason to suppose that the date on the book was not a false imprint, the Act of Indemnity did not apply; and Muggleton was condemned to the pillory. He was badly mauled, for it so happened that the crowd was hostile and pelted the old man with stones. After that, he was set free; his tribulations were at last over. The Prophet spent his closing years writing his autobiography, in the style of the Gospels; and he died in peace.

His doctrines did not die with him. Two hundred and fifty Muggletonians followed him to the grave, and their faith has been handed down, unimpaired through the generations, from that day to this. Still, in the very spot where their founder was born, the chosen few meet together to celebrate the two festivals of their religion—the Great Holiday, on the anniversary of the delivery of

the Word to Reeve, and the Little Holiday, on the day of Muggleton's final release from prison.

"I do believe in God alone,  
Likewise in Reeve and Muggleton."

So they have sung for more than two hundred years.

"This is the Muggletonians' faith,  
This is the God which we believe;  
None salvation-knowledge hath,  
But those of Muggleton and Reeve.  
Christ is the Muggletonians' king,  
With whom eternally they'll sing."

It is an exclusive faith, certainly; and yet, somehow or other, it disarms criticism. Even though one may not be of the elect oneself, one cannot but wish it well; one would be sorry if the time ever came when there were no more Muggletonians. Besides, one is happy to learn that with the passage of years they have grown more gentle. Their terrible offensive weapon—which, in early days, they wielded so frequently—has fallen into desuetude: no longer do they pass sentence of eternal damnation. The dreadful doom was pronounced for the last time on a Swedenborgian, with great effect, in the middle of the nineteenth century.

### SUGARED ALMONDS.

NOW I must be very careful about this one—very careful. I must mind my "p's" and "q's." It's time I did something really good, something for one of the better papers. Publicity is not enough—good fun in its way, of course, and better than most jobs, but it wears life down so . . . so thin. I'm stupid, I suppose, sentimental and all that, but . . .

Well, I ran into Gray this morning—you've met Gray? He's on one of the Provincial rags—Sheffield, I fancy—and we got talking about doing things—you know the way one does after about the third whisky . . . And I said to him: "Don't you ever feel, old man, that somewhere behind it all, like you find in a sudden clearing in the middle of a very deep wood, there's a sort of inner peace . . . rhythm . . . harmony? And don't you think that the only way for chaps like us to reach it is by doing our own stuff, by writing about something we really—we're really rather keen on?" Funny chap, Gray; he agreed quite heartily and then ran right off the rails into a long yarn about a spiritualist's medium which he is trying to polish up a bit . . . Maybe it was the whisky, but he always was rather a rum sort of customer. And he's worse since he's married.

Now that's what I feel about young Gobert—or used to feel when I went to Marcel's pretty often at night for dinner. How quickly one dries up, though—dies, like a corner of sand that the sea has left. Sometimes I'm almost afraid to pull myself up like this and look down—first drawing aside the weeds that float on top, of course—look down into the clear water underneath. One's little fountains of emotion peter out so quickly that I'm always afraid of finding no flow of feeling left at all, nothing but nasty little bits of dry stone. It's something dreadful the way they go. My old school-master, for instance, standing like a giant amid his rows and rows of trumpeting daffodils . . . or talking—God! what an insincere little squib I am!—talking under the mulberry tree just beyond the edge of the lit verandah in the falling twilight . . . Where on earth has he gone to? And young Phil White . . . Would we absolutely swear to be always the best of friends? Yes, of course we would! Gone to the Islands. Married to a postman's daughter. Simply tumbled out, tumbled out into the shadows, lost to the wide. . .

Gobert Foo? Wait a minute, though; I think Gobert is still there. But I must get him on paper right away—by Jove! yes—or else, heaven knows, he might disappear too, like all the others. So I'll just make these notes and work them up when I get home this evening.

I don't quite know why I like writing in this particular little café, but somehow I always do. It's so cool and quiet, and yet there is always a pleasant air of liveliness, of Continental gallantry hovering over it. I think it is those curly wooden chairs, or else that single arch of creamy fretwork scroll up there, wooden leaves and flowers, white against the inner shadows, dark against the light. . . . Or is it Madame? You know Madame, of course? We all—I mean the select few who know this place—simply adore her. There's finish, there's style for you, my boy. Always all in black, like the very best Parisian ladies, her face now as calm and now as fluid as water, and just look at that high tortoiseshell sail in her hair! I ask you, what other woman you know could carry that off so swimmingly? Yet the other day Jackson said he thought she had the most vicious face on God's earth . . . rubbish, believe me, absolute rubbish! I'm sure she's an angel. . . . Of course, I never really speak to her, but I always make a point of bowing low at the door just before I go out, and sweeping off my hat in the direction of her corner just as if she were absolutely the only woman in the world. They like it, you know . . . Funny things, women, too sure, too—what is it?—somehow a bit, just a shade too perfect, don't you think? Something about them, their finish, their softness, makes me just a bit nervous . . . Their awful delicacy, like a butterfly on the back of your hand. . . . Yes, I suppose I'm really afraid of them. . . .

Perhaps after all it's a little bit of everything that makes me love this corner—the curly chairs and the two big plain mirrors, with bowler hats against the creamy wood walls between them, and Madame, and—ah, of course, that barrel organ outside. The slow old tunes—listen to that bass. . . . Don't you love the absolute clatter and jumble of it—*tumpa tumpy tum*. . . . It's such siestary sort of music that it almost makes you want to go to sleep on Soho tables and dream of—is it Paris? But we shall get to that soon enough. . . .

Gobert was French, the son of a circus man and a lady acrobat—I believe two of his sisters are still doing the ladies on horseback stunt in the smaller French towns, and pretty old hulks they are too, I expect—and the café, of course, was French as well. A dark, insignificant little hole it was, so poor that it had to steal the time from the clock on St. Anne's church steeple above the poplars over the way, with a room upstairs and another one down, and in the lower window the most fantastic palm tree you ever saw. . . . The exotic touch, you know—a red plush pillar with odd bits of cocoanut husk stuck on to it with pins, six thick dark green banana leaves of cardboard nailed round it at the top, and down below a regular little jungle of curling aspidistras in thick pink china jars. There was always a heavy green sort of shadow hanging in the place, and here, moving to and fro as if he worked by clockwork, and ran down for wine only when you put a penny in the slot, lived Gobert with his oval, egg-white face.

That's rather good, that bit; it fits the kid exactly. But as for the rest. . . . He was not very big, and wore a long apron, and above it a short shabby black jacket which he was always pulling down, and in his *plastron*—I always used to tease him about the colour of his penny *plastron* and tap it in a jovial way sometimes with the back of the funny wooden menu-holders that they

always used there—can you believe it? a live brown match instead of a stud! Quaint? Quaint was not the word for the child. What with his old white face, and his big dark eyes that almost got a squint in them through looking so much at glasses sideways to see if they shone against the light, and his attractive little way of calling himself Gobert instead of Robert in a low young furry voice, he was . . . he was . . . simply . . .

You see, that's the way they go—simply slip like so much sand right through your silly fingers. And goodness knows it wasn't because I didn't like the boy that I can't pin him down now just as I want to. I was really fond of the kid; so fond of his childish attentions—“Larger, M'sieu? Then can I have some money?”—that I used to go to other places to feed on his half-day off . . . Thursdays, I can remember that quite well.

No, it's not nonsense. Whatever makes you say that? It is perfectly easy to explain. I was devoted to the child simply because he took me as I stood, for all the world like a dog. Here I was and here was he, both going along the same dull road, both rather amused by each other, both rather fond of *dragées liqueurs*, so why care a damn about technique? It's always a mistake not to accept a friendship when it comes along on its own accord. Don't you think so? I hate angling and intriguing for regard. And now you come to think of it, that's exactly why I'm not a success with Madame here or with women generally; that's why I'm trying to write this about Gobert. He didn't expect these things.

*Dragées liqueurs*? Where do they come in? Oh, the sugared almonds were quite another matter. You know I often went to Paris whenever I got a chance, at Christmas and Easter and so on, just for a day or two to buck me up a bit. It caused quite a little flutter at Marcel's whenever anybody went to Paris; and one day Gobert confided in me that he had an uncle who kept a coffee bar in a side street off the *Italiens*. I might go to see him—yes?—and be sure to bring him back some of those fine fat pink and white *dragées* that they sold nowhere else in the world.

Paris at Easter! This will be my chance; I'll be able to spread myself a bit on this. There's nothing like knowing your subject, and God, what a subject! I suppose it has been written to death already, but what can you do? You must do something about the chill shiver of those vermilion wires of light, the gentle fanning of the spring night wind among those chestnut flowers, the fragrance of—what is it? the chestnuts, Turkish cigarettes, face powder, *croissants* and coffee, I do not know—and the high exotic music of the streets for all the world like the faint drone of a summer sky over wide, wide plains. A siren, that's what Paris is, and somehow I always feel, heaven knows why, I always feel when sailing along through the fragile electric darkness of the spring nights in Paris that all this beauty cannot endure and that some day it will be plucked from her just at that perfect moment when she is swinging jewels into the two dark coils of her hair and singing, singing with the voice like a voice coming out of the strangeness of a wood. . . .

But not yet, not just yet. It is our turn first, our turn to lose something which means as much to us as any of her shivering lights and sweet bursting buds. And all over sugared almonds! Quite expensive ones they were, six francs if I remember, and they were done up beautifully in a neat little bag of white crackly paper with a fine gold thread round it. I got them at a special *pâtisserie* shop I know on the Boulevard St. Germain—the lights were quivering away, too, and an odd chestnut blossom dropping . . . and nearly missed the blessed train on account of them.



There's nothing more and it's a poor story; even if I do work it up a bit I don't see how it's going to have any real warmth and drama. But I just wanted to write down a memory that may be dwindled down to—who knows how little a thing?—to-morrow; to put down something about a relationship which was one of the strangest I've ever had, a relationship which grew up, simply, tenderly, like a small warm wind out of nothing, out of nowhere, blew a little while, and then lost itself.

Oh yes, of course Gobert had disappeared from Marcel's when I got back home—gone away they did not know where. Nor did the man who took his place so mechanically seem to care. So I took the wretched bag of almonds round to his house—he lived in a dingy room with his old father somewhere in Seven Dials—and pulled the bell until it rang like the devil inside. But you could tell from the harsh clang it made that it was ringing into empty passageways and rooms. The dark was coming down quickly, but not a glimmer of light was to be seen in any of the windows, and just as I was coming away I noticed a tortoiseshell cat sitting as calm as death on the sill two floors up. It was so still, not even blinking its eyes, that in the falling dusk it looked exactly like one of those horrid china ones. Well. . . .

ANGUS WILSON.

## ART

### MR. SICKERT AT THE INDEPENDENT GALLERY.

IT is a relief after the many exhibitions of the summer—some of them good, some bad, most of them neither good nor bad—to go and look at Mr. Walter Sickert's drawings at the Independent Gallery. Here is no straining after effect, no tiresome cleverness, no violence; here, one feels, is an artist who, having a clear vision of what he intends to do, sets about it with confidence and achieves it with no loss of effect, no muddling, no hesitation, and at the same time with the utmost economy of means. Not that this quality is in any way peculiar to Mr. Sickert; it is the first and most obvious quality in any reputable work of art, but it is both rare and pleasant to get so complete a feeling of satisfaction from an exhibition of a number of drawings by one artist. But Mr. Sickert is not merely a competent draughtsman. Slight as these drawings are, he pays extreme care to design and balance, and just as in the actual drawing he uses the most exquisite economy of line, so the design is never too complicated or on too large a scale for the picture space. The result is the perfect harmony between scheme and execution which makes these drawings so satisfactory. They are no mere scraps from an album; each one is an individual picture, decorative and full of life and whimsical charm.

Mr. Sickert has a remarkable gift for expressing personal character. Some of these drawings are studies, still lifes, portraits, nudes (one or two of these are very lovely, especially, perhaps, No. 49), but the majority of them, and on the whole, I think, the most interesting, are those in which he has caught a momentary impression, an incident, a dramatic scene, a "situation," which he renders with the greatest vividness and force. It is here that he reminds one of Daumier, in subject as well as in treatment; and, like Daumier also, by virtue of extreme skill and extreme sensitiveness, he can treat successfully subjects which in the hands of an inferior artist would at once become cheap and vulgar melodrama, or at best mere illustration. But aided by a lively sense of humour and of delicate irony, Mr.

Sickert excels at this dangerous game. Often his subjects, the situations he portrays, are of a sordid and unpleasant nature, but the drawings, purged of all literary realism, are never offensive. He has a queer detached interest in what some people call "Life"—the dreary, hysterical occurrences of the supposed fascinating and artistic demi-monde. Examples of this are "Blackmail" (No. 37) and "My Awful Dad" (No. 42), where he expresses the full horror of a situation, but from the purely visual point of view, without comment. His extraordinary power of observation does not lead him astray into the portrayal of an amount of detail, however relevant, but he is able to subordinate it to his main idea and to generalize from it. Thus his drawings of this type, however dramatic, however literary in subject, never degenerate into caricature. This applies also to his theatrical drawings: these subjects evidently have a strong attraction for Mr. Sickert, as one knows from his paintings. There are a few of them here—Nos. 11 and 16 "At the Middlesex," both very lively, amusing drawings, and again strongly reminiscent of Daumier, though in no way an imitation.

Mr. Sickert is unique among modern artists. Belonging in many respects to the 'nineties and owing a good deal in style to Whistler, he yet has a lightness of touch, a way of taking himself and his art perfectly seriously without appearing to do so, which not even Whistler achieved in that rather self-conscious period. In this, though it may not be an important, or even a good, quality, and in his gay, almost flippant, elegance he seems to have absorbed much of the spirit of a younger generation.

ANGUS DAVIDSON.

## POETRY

### BREACH OF DECORUM.

(From "A Guide to Elemental Behaviour.")

I have seen a man at Lady Lucre's table  
Who stuck to serious subjects; spoke of Art  
As though he were in earnest and unable  
To ascertain its function in the smart  
World where it shares a recreational part  
With Bridge, best-selling Fiction, and the Stable.

I have heard that man (so destitute of nous  
That he'd neglected even to be "well-known" . . .  
"Whatever made her ask him to her house?")  
Talking to Lady Lucre in a tone  
Of keen conviction that her social passion,  
Purged from the volatilities of fashion,  
Toiled after truth and spiritual perfection  
Without regard for costume or complexion.

I have seen her fail, with petulant replies,  
To localize him in his social senses:  
I have observed her evening-party eyes  
Evicted from their *savoir faire* defences.

\* \* \*

And while his intellectual gloom encroached  
Upon the scintillance of champagne chatter,  
In impotent embarrassment she broached  
Golf, Goodwood Races, and the Cowes Regatta.

\* \* \*

The luncheon over, Lady Lucre's set  
Lolled on her lawn and lacked an epithet  
Sufficiently severe for such a creature . . .  
"Such dreadful taste!" "A positive blasphemer!"  
"He actually referred to our Redeemer  
As the world's greatest Socialistic teacher."

PARASITE LEISURE.

## THE WORLD OF BOOKS

## WORDS.

IT is, I think, a curious thing with regard to writers that most of them seem to take no interest in the material in which they have to work. I call that material words, but I include under it not only the isolated word and its meaning, as they appear mummified or petrified in the dictionary, but punctuation and grammar. I do not believe, for instance, that one writer in a hundred knows how to punctuate. There may be legitimate differences of opinion as to the right system of punctuation; but if you do punctuate at all, it ought to be on some rational and consistent system; you should not pepper commas vaguely over your page, and if you use a semi-colon or a colon instead of a comma, you should have some intelligible reason for doing so. The majority of writers, or even of first-rate writers, do not obey these rules; you have but to read a page of their works in order to see that they have never thought about, far less studied, the question of punctuation.

\* \* \*

Then there is the whole subject of the meaning of words and phrases. I know of very few writers of Mr. Logan Pearsall Smith's eminence who share his passion for the scientific study of words as the raw material of their craft. Some time ago Mr. Pearsall Smith published, in that excellent series of pamphlets, the Society for Pure English Tracts, an extremely interesting and entertaining essay on "English Idioms." He has now followed this up with another pamphlet in the same series on "Four Words: *Romantic, Originality, Creative, Genius*" (Oxford: Clarendon Press. 3s. 6d.). Mr. Pearsall Smith shows in this essay that in the minute study of words by a literary craftsman there need be no dryas dust pedantry, for, as he demonstrates, in the usage of the four words is mirrored the history "of one of the most important movements of modern thought."

\* \* \*

From the meaning of words, which, I suppose, rightly belongs to the science of lexicography, one passes naturally to the kindred science of the grammarian. An editor very soon learns that the ordinary writer is almost as shaky in his grammar as in his punctuation. Even among first-class writers there are few who give any proof of having anything but a scrappy knowledge or understanding of grammar. Yet the science of grammar is a most difficult one, and ought to be of the highest interest to writers. I, therefore, opened with considerable expectations two books which have just been published on the subject: "Michael Neo Palæologus, His Grammar," by his Father, Stephen N. Palæologus (Dent. 7s. 6d.), and "The Philosophy of Grammar" by Otto Jespersen (Allen & Unwin. 12s. 6d.). The first of these books was a great disappointment: the author is one of those distressing people who think that a "stiff" subject must be rendered palatable by humour, and who cannot discriminate between what is silly and what is funny. Stephen N. Palæologus is conscientiously "funny" all the time for nearly 400 pages until he brought at least one reader very near the verge of tears of boredom and exasperation. Whether he has anything of interest or value to say on the subject of grammar, I do not know, though I did manage to read about 200 pages of his book; if he has, it is completely obscured under this thick layer of lamentable facetiousness.

\* \* \*

Mr. Jespersen's is a very different kind of book. It is immensely learned and scientific, and should not be

recommended to any one whose reading is confined to "light literature." On the other hand, any one who is interested in words and language, and the relation of grammar to the technique of writing and to thought, will find the book very much to his taste. I am glad to learn from Professor Jespersen that grammar, like practically everything else which I learnt at school, has in recent years been completely exploded. Nowadays one never reads a really scientific modern book on any subject without discovering that everything which they taught one at school on the subject has been thrown overboard into the illimitable sea of exploded fallacies. This exasperates some people; having acquired, with great difficulty, and forgotten a few books of Euclid, they take it as a personal insult that the modern should refuse to grant the Euclidean postulates or accept the axioms, and that the ancient geometrician should be banished from the schools. I cannot understand this frame of mind; nothing would please me more than to learn that some Einstein had discovered that two plus two does not after all equal four—probably the only still undisputed fact (if it is a fact) which I was taught between the ages of five and eighteen.

\* \* \*

At any rate I am glad to find that the grammar which we acquired so painfully has gone the way of all knowledge. Until I read Professor Jespersen, I had innocently imagined that at least the classification of words into substantives, verbs, adjectives, adverbs, and the other "parts of speech" would outlast me. It is clear, however, that, as soon as even these old friends are examined with the remorseless acumen of the modern grammarian, their position becomes precarious. As soon as you try to define what you mean by, e.g., a pronoun, you land yourself into the most inextricable difficulties. Noreen, for instance, a brilliant modern grammarian, has to invent a new term "expressive sememe" in order to be able to define, and therefore preserve the life of, the pronoun, and even so he has to include among pronouns many words and groups of words like *the undersigned*, *the biggest one*, *on Sunday*. Noreen tries to prevent proper names and the word *father* in the phrase "my father" from becoming pronouns, but Professor Jespersen, with some reason, thinks that he is unsuccessful. Professor Jespersen himself thinks that five word-classes, substantives, adjectives, pronouns, verbs, and particles, "are grammatically distinct enough for us to recognize them as separate 'parts of speech';" but this cautious sentence shows by what a thin-spun thread the lives of these old friends still hold.

\* \* \*

It would be absurd in the space of a few hundred words to attempt to do justice to Professor Jespersen's book. Though learned and scientific, it is not pedantic, and over and over again the writer who is no grammarian will find points of great interest in the discussions of grammatical and syntactical questions. For instance, Professor Jespersen discusses in an appendix sentences having the form: "We feed children whom we think are hungry." The ordinary view is that the use of *whom* for *who* in such sentences is a "heinous error." Professor Jespersen shows that it is extremely common from the time of Chaucer onwards, and he defends it as grammatical by a most interesting, ingenious, and to me convincing argument.

\* \* \*

I regret that, owing to a slip of the mind or pen, last week I gave the publisher of Mr. Shaw's "Saint Joan" as Messrs. Heinemann. It should, of course, have been Messrs. Constable.

LEONARD WOOLF.



## REVIEWS

## CARLYLE AGAIN.

Carlyle to "The French Revolution" (1826 to 1837). By DAVID ALEC WILSON. (Kegan Paul. 15s.)

THERE are signs and tokens plainly visible—not indeed in the Heavens, but in another quarter, in these days of almost equal significance, the newspaper Press—warning us that Great Britain is about to be visited by a stupendous, well-engineered effort to teach the Power, the Beauty, and the Wisdom—

"Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die"—

of Advertisement! To puff puffing, to preach intensively the gospel of publicity, is the object, end, and aim of that new College of Advertisement, lately established and endowed by newspaper magnates, which is at this moment holding its first great Council at Wembley.

The only question that concerns a literary journal is how far, if at all, does this intensive, and in some aspects attractive, propaganda admit of restrictions? Is it only a trade affair, chiefly concerned with baking-powders, custards, mustards, tobacco, soap, watering-places, &c., or does it claim the learned professions and literary occupations as falling within its province? We lately read a fervent speech by a missionary of publicity, who made it plain that barristers, following in this respect the example alleged to be set them by their American brethren, must learn to forswear the modest traditions of centuries, and advertise their special gifts or "go under."

But how can this be done? If the proprietor of a baking-powder asserts, on a poster, that his baking-powder is the best on the market (knowing all the time that it is only the tenth best), he will gain nothing by his outlay unless he contrives to indicate that it is not only the best, but cheaper than the other nine. In the same way, the advertising barister, who would seek to make you believe that no one in the Temple is more likely to get you off a charge (true or false) of murder or of fraud than he, will reap no advantage, unless he tells you his fee; and yet, if he does, he will be promptly disbarred.

We hope therefore this new College will tell us how far their operations are intended to go, and publish rules and regulations, so that those of us who wish to secure, either for ourselves or for our wares (books or baking-powders, sermons or soda-water), the widest measure of publicity may know what we are to do to obtain (without risk) profit and notoriety.

There is one great difficulty in the path of the advertiser which we trust the first Council of Wembley will fairly face. It is this. How can you praise your own wares, boldly and clearly, without exciting aversion and disgust? May we give an example of what we mean?

Many of our publishers have lately fallen into the habit of puffing their own wares on the outside of their publications, by means of what, in their trade, is called a "jacket" or "dust-cover." Now, as a rule, unless the puff is contrived with extreme subtlety, these advertisements excite disgust. The book noted above is a book of all books which should have been shielded from such an affront as the following puff that appears on its "jacket":—

"The first volume of Mr. Wilson's 'Life of Carlyle' was published in the autumn of 1923, and was at once accorded a place among the great biographies of the language, worthy to rank with Lucas's 'Life of Lamb,' and Festing Jones's 'Life of Butler'; second only to Boswell's immortal 'Life of Johnson.' " If we had not already become well acquainted with Mr. Wilson's admirable first volume of what promises to be a long series of commentaries upon Carlyle, the nausea created by this absurd "jacket" must have prevented us from reading a line of a volume thus revoltingly presented to us.

What right has a publisher to take upon himself to say what will be the ultimate fate, even on completion, of any of his publications? And why drag in Boswell? Can it be supposed that anybody, fond enough of Carlyle to read Mr. Wilson's commentary, will be fool enough to be otherwise than disgusted by such a "jacket" as this one?

And now, having got rid of this "perilous stuff," it is a great relief to turn to the book so uncomfortably issued into the world. To the present writer, who has loved Carlyle for sixty years, greatly preferring him even to Confucius, Mr. Wilson's treatment of his subject is delightful, refreshing, most original and instructive. It is not, as the jacket ridiculously asserts, a biography at all; and on an early page the commentator sets out all the books about Carlyle which are to be "taken as read." It is a commentary—long, probably running to five or six volumes, detailed, wise, discriminating—on the life and works of Carlyle. Had we ever read any of the Middle Age commentaries on Aristotle we should have had no hesitation in comparing Wilson's commentaries on Carlyle with those earlier treatises on Aristotle; but, as we have not, we pass on without another word.

Mr. Wilson is an invulnerable man. He chose his subject long years ago, and has, ever since, laboured to qualify himself for his task. There is no use asking him *cui bono* or quoting to him the Scotch legal maxim *non est tanti*. He has satisfied himself that it is worth while, that it is *tanti*, and if his life is spared, as we pray it may be, he will see it done. If at any time during the progress of his work he flags, if his heart seems to fail him, or his hand to drag as he pursues Thomas and Jane (and the latter he does not love) year after year, to their melancholy ends, he has only, laying down his pen for a moment, to invoke the great name of Confucius, to be at once himself again. If ever there was a happy man it is this commentator on Carlyle.

It is gratifying to note the reception this volume has had, even in quarters where "Thomas the Growler" is not held in the highest reverence. Here, as during life, Lord Jeffrey, who now can hardly be said to live outside Carlyle's "Reminiscences," has come to his great friend's assistance. The correspondence between the two men, printed by Mr. Wilson for the first time, is enough to make the fortune of any book. When we read Jeffrey's shrewd, sensible, friendly, yet outspoken criticism of Carlyle's style and temper, it is almost impossible to believe that the man who made it was the same man that lived to shed floods of tears over the death-bed of little Dombey, and who told Carlyle that there were "infinite" passages in Tom Moore's poetry that Goethe could never match, that Mrs. Hemans was a "rich crystal," that Rogers was a true poet, and that there was nothing bad in Campbell's poetry, except what has been proved to be immortal; we perceive how absurd it was to expect that even Edinburgh in 1830 could produce a School of Criticism. Carlyle put up with the criticism of Mr. Worldly Wiseman with gentleness and humility.

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

## BIG GAME AND THE CAMERA.

Stalking Big Game with a Camera in Equatorial Africa. By MARIUS MAXWELL. 113 Plates after Photographs by the Author. With a Preface by Sir SIDNEY F. HARMER. (Medici Society. £12 12s.)

WE have only one quarrel with this book, and that concerns its price—and perhaps that quarrel is illogical, for it may well be that the book could not have been produced in its present form at less than twelve guineas. Still, even though illogical, one cannot but regret the price, a price which must naturally limit so rigidly the number of people to whom the book and its photographs might bring keen enjoyment and no little profit. The book itself and the photographs are magnificent, and it is almost impossible not to speak of them in superlatives. Certainly among all the volumes which have lately appeared containing photographs of wild animals in Africa and other places we have seen none which approaches this in beauty. The photographs of wild elephants, which form about half the total number of plates, must perhaps be given first place. No finer studies of wild animals have rewarded the photographer than the plate facing page 27 which shows a bull elephant eight yards from the camera, the plate facing page 131 showing three superb elephants in the Lorian Swamp, and some of the other plates showing several elephants together. But the photographs of galloping giraffes are not far behind these in beauty and interest, if indeed they do not equal or even

surpass them. The pictures of rhinoceros and hippopotamus are also extraordinarily good.

Photographing big game is far finer sport than shooting it. When it is done as Mr. Maxwell does it, it is also more dangerous to the sportsman. The letterpress in his book is excellent, for it describes his experiences with considerable skill, and at not too great a length.

#### THE MODERN GOLFER.

**The Modern Golfer.** By C. J. H. TOLLEY. (Collins. 15s.)

MR. CYRIL TOLLEY is a very majestic and commanding person, the most imposing figure in the younger generation of golfers. He is one of those players of games who, whether they want to or not, draw the crowd like a magnet. I read lately an article on Miss Helen Wills written, I think, by another distinguished American lawn tennis player, Mr. Vincent Richards. It described Miss Wills as having all the attributes of a champion save one, that she does not as yet "get it across"; she plays so quietly, so demurely, with such almost colourless correctness that the spectators hardly realize her greatness. Now Mr. Tolley emphatically does "get it across." Nobody plays less for effect than he does, but he has "a way with him" not to be resisted. The other day I was watching some of the play at Hoylake in the reflected glory of his company. It was hard enough to see in any case, for there was a mighty crowd surging after Hagen in his victorious spurt over the last nine holes; but poor Mr. Tolley could see nothing at all; whenever he came to rest he was besieged by schoolgirls, venturesome and adoring, who demanded his autograph. And this adoration is easily intelligible because there is no one else who is quite such good fun to watch. It is not merely that he hits the ball an enormously long way with the most perfect grace and rhythm imaginable. Almost every stroke he plays is in itself a gesture. To see him on the putting green click his heels together like a Grenadier, hit the ball an imperative blow and then walk after it while it is still rolling in order to pick it out, is alone worth all the rushing and squeezing involved. The very fact that he is capable of an occasionally wild shot gives an added piquancy. There is in Mr. Tolley's game something of the quality that belonged to the late "Freddie" Tait. He too had an unself-conscious grandness of manner: he loved a fight and he loved a gallery, but never played to it. It is such players that the crowd always takes to its heart.

It can hardly be said that Mr. Tolley gets this magnetic quality of his into his writings, though here and there are sentences full of his individual flavour. Everybody who knows him, for instance, will recognize him in his pleasant little remark about Muirfield, that the rough is not so formidable as it once was, "perhaps because I have been in it so often." His book is quite a good book and, as regards its more technical side, is likely to help many wanderers in this vale of fooling, because for the most part he insists in simple language on a few simple doctrines. Those who know their "Tom Brown" properly will remember the description of Old Brooke's speech at School House singing—"no action, no tricks of oratory; plain, strong, and straight like his play." It is no bad description of Mr. Tolley's writing, and I feel bound to add this personal testimonial; after spending forty years in swinging my club too fast, I never felt so sure of my own iniquity, so determined, even at this late hour, to reform, as after reading Mr. Tolley on the ancient maxim "slow back." He is so stern in exposing the folly and crime of a swing too "short and snappy," so seductive in promising increased length as the reward of virtue, so clear and sensible in pointing out practical methods of repentance, that, if he cannot reform me, I am sure he can reform some less hardened sinners.

As regards golf from a mental rather than a physical point of view, I think the best and most characteristic thing in Mr. Tolley's book is his insistence on the value of confidence. A little while ago I read in an evening paper an account of the famous Dr. Lasker, the chess-player, watching a young lady at a game of chess. "Play confidently," he said to her. "If you lose, what does it matter?" Was there ever better advice in a few words? It is found also in Mr. Tolley's book. He is saying, what is undoubtedly

true, that most British amateurs completely fail to do themselves justice in score play. His remedy is to "play easily and confidently . . . taking risks that are not ridiculous and always playing to give the hole a chance." And he adds, "If the worst comes to the worst, you can but fail, and in so doing you have not failed so ignominiously as the poor man who took six and was never in a bunker." To tell a golfer to be confident may seem rather like telling the smaller of two street boys in a fight to go in and win. It is advice much easier to give than to follow, as was that of Mr. Gilbert Mitchell Innes, who declared that the way to beat a professional was never to let him get a hole up. Yet it is good advice for all that, and playing with confidence is something more definite than merely thinking that you are going to win. After Hagen had won the Open Championship at Hoylake a very famous and very observant golfer said, "Well, yes, he may have played some bad shots, but you did not see him play any weak ones." It was a shrewd remark. Most of us, when we miss a shot, look as if we were going to miss. Hagen, when he misses a shot, looks as if he were going to hit it. So does Mr. Tolley himself. Not to be short three times running because we have once run out of holing—that is what we have to aim at. A long hook into the rough is better than a feeble slice that just stays on the fairway. In the one case we did hit the ball: in the other we finched at it physically and mentally. Mr. Tolley ought to be good for us as regards our play—those of us who are still young enough to learn better. As regards our courage he ought to be good for us all.

BERNARD DARWIN.

#### THROUGH THICK AND THIN.

**Unity.** By J. D. BERESFORD. (Collins. 7s. 6d.)

**A Bid for a Soul.** By EVANGELINE F. SMITH. (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.)

THESE two novels present a curious contrast, not in merit, but in time. Fifty years or more lie between them. The first is an Edwardian, the second a Victorian novel.

The Victorian novelists looked back to "The Rambler," and forward to the cinematograph scenario: they were masters of the children's book, because children like things underlined, and readily accept the improbable; they believe in heroism, and are slow to suspect hypocrisy. The atmosphere, or, perhaps one should say, "weather," of the Victorian novel was a surprising harmony of azure skies and thunderstorms. Within its several volumes were blended sermons and sentiment, horror and mystery and Euripidean tears.

Miss Evangeline Smith has written a novel in the manner of Charlotte Brontë. The plot is concerned with the *γυνή* between a young aristocrat and his convict father who is disguised as a steward in his employ. The text of the book is that we are saved by suffering. We are given the religious background, the minute descriptions, the impulsive, handsome hero, melodramatic crises, the relentless death-bed scenes of innocent, cherubic children, salt tears, and ugly oaths, and divine reconciliations—the spirit, flesh, and blood of the Victorian novel. We are terrified, harrowed, and improved by turns. Where Miss Smith fails is in the manipulation of her minor characters. Trollope and George Eliot, as well as Dickens and Thackeray, had a remarkable talent for grouping the many figures on their canvas; nor did they neglect to leave ample room for the author himself in the rôle of preacher, philosopher, or mountebank. The Victorian novelists did not realize that "an artist may be known by what he omits," but they knew the virtues of equilibrium, if not of economy. It is in balance and variety that "A Bid for a Soul" is chiefly lacking. The lesser threads in the story are not woven into the whole: they resemble frayed edges. The "Barchester" circle, for instance, is always rather in the air, and Miss de Winton's affections suffer a somewhat violent change. But when all is said, it is a book, a curious survival, like the work of Crabbe after the Romantic Revival: it will appeal to the elder generation who turn with distaste from "Lady into Fox"; it will instruct and entertain all students of the novel: for the very language and conversation are of a different convention and can only be matched in "Shirley" and "Villette."



One regrets that Miss Smith did not deliberately write "A Bid for a Soul" as a historical, a crinoline novel: but perhaps any conscious exploitation of that romantic feeling for the Victorian age, which some of us so assiduously cultivate to-day, might have been fatal. To authorize the unreality might be to forfeit the sincerity and charm.

Miss Smith puts her heart and soul into her writing; Mr. Beresford puts his head. He is an efficient and successful author. His books, like railway trains, are in continual motion, run on fixed lines, and reach their destination up to time. One is at close quarters with the characters they carry; the setting continually shifts and is of little significance, surveyed in occasional glances, as from a carriage-window, scarcely observed, swiftly forgotten.

Unity, the heroine of the novel, is the typist's dream. With reddish hair, remarkable eyes, and a temperament, she begins life in Camden Town, and ends it as a countess: the idol of every man she meets and twice married, Unity is "everything by turns and nothing long": she paints and fiddles and writes poetry: her "Rosalind" takes London by storm. Best of all, her life is a romantic tragedy. She has a spiritual affinity with a man seen for a few moments in the Underground and re-encountered as best man at her second wedding. This leads to a scene which is the counterpart of that in the fifth act of "The Lady from the Sea."

When Mr. Beresford is telling a magazine story he tells it infinitely better than anybody else. His commonplace characters are alive and engaging. This is particularly true of "Unity," which would be a perfect book of its kind, had he attempted nothing further. But the main idea of the book, the mystical relation between two souls, which Plato turned into an exquisite fable, Kipling into chocolate cream for children, and Ibsen, most skilfully, into a dramatic situation, is in Mr. Beresford's hands inartistic and unconvincing. It is with him neither good poetry nor good psychology, and it destroys, rather than creates, the harmony of the novel.

"Unity" appears to be the over-rapid work of a man of some experience and talent. The heroine, an improbable young lady, seems far more possible than Lord Berkeley, Miss Smith's conventional hero. The earlier part of the book is as cheering and convincing as an advertisement of a quack tonic, but the final and mystical part resembles a dose of the tonic itself.

GEORGE RYLANDS.

#### "A LARGER, CLEARER CONSCIENCE."

**A Century of Work for Animals: a History of the R.S.P.C.A., 1824-1924.** By EDWARD G. FAIRHOLME and WELLESLEY PAIN. (Murray. 7s. 6d.)

**The Protection of Birds: an Indictment.** By LEWIS R. W. LOYD. (Longmans. 3s. 6d.)

PUBLIC indignation at the Rodeo contests, kindled at the very moment when the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was celebrating its centenary, has served to show how solid has been the growth of humanitarianism in this country. It is true, as Mr. Fairholme and Mr. Pain say, that we are still illogical in our kindness. A Londoner who would resent any molestation of the pigeons in St. Paul's Churchyard may think nothing of keeping a wild bird in a small cage, and a woman who would shrink from seeing a horse ill-treated will wear furs that represent cruelty. But our gain in sensitiveness must be measured by the fact that until a century ago regard for the feelings of animals was almost entirely unknown. There were, before that time, lonely prophetic voices. "Backward," says Mr. Thomas Hardy, in the poem which he contributes to the first of these two volumes,

"Backward among the dusky years  
A lonesome lamp is seen arise,  
Lit by a few faint pioneers  
Before incredulous eyes."

Among these pioneers were Sir Matthew Hale, Lord Chief Justice in the reign of Charles II., who protested against "an excessive use of the creatures' labour"; Samuel Pepys, who in 1666 referred to bull-baiting as "a very rude and nasty pleasure"; Evelyn, who refused to witness the bait-

ing of a horse; John Locke, who urged that children should be "bred up in an abhorrence of killing and tormenting any living creature"; and John Wesley, who, however, was apparently more concerned for the souls of the animals than for their bodies. To these names may be added that of the sturdy George Fox, who in a passage of his "Journal," glowing with indignation, rebukes an inn-keeper for attempting to cheat his horse, "the poor dumb creature," of his oats. The first suggestion that animals should have legal protection seems to have been made by an anonymous writer in "The Gentleman's Magazine" in 1749; but it was not until 1822 that the first legislation actually came into force.

The records of the R.S.P.C.A. cover, therefore, practically the whole period of animal protection in England. Mr. Fairholme and Mr. Pain, two of its leading officials, tell the story of the Society not only very interestingly, but with a pleasing modesty. In making their just claims for the part which their own institution has played in educating the public and securing legislation, they never lose sight of the larger movements of opinion at home and abroad, so that the reader who cares little for details of reform and administration cannot fail to be held by the more general descriptions of animal treatment during the century. When the Society was founded, bull-baiting and bear-baiting were still followed with as much interest as is our modern football. These barbarities were abolished by law in 1835; but cock-fighting was more difficult to suppress. Nominally, it became a breach of the Act of 1835; but cock-fights continued to be advertised in the papers with fictitious addresses, the real addresses being known to the patrons of the sport. In 1838, at a cock-pit at Hanworth, one of the Society's inspectors died from injuries received from an angry mob, and it was not until 1875 that this odious pastime was brought to an end. Of the many other inhumanities recalled in these pages—such as the driving of cattle for long distances without food or water, the hurling of them down several feet from the roadway into the slaughter-houses, and the horrible methods of killing them that were common until quite recently—we have no room to speak. As we look back over the record, we can only say, with Mr. Hardy—

"Much has been won—more, maybe, than we know."

The gain has, indeed, been not merely to the animals, but to ourselves; for mercy is ever twice blessed. Humanitarians make good citizens, and that is an additional reason why the teaching of kindness to animals should be included in the curriculum of our schools. But such teaching should be accompanied by definite instruction about animals: for the only true sympathy is that which comes of understanding.

Without knowledge, sentiment may degenerate into sentimentality. That is the danger against which Mr. Loyd warns us. He does so in a style that is vigorous to the point of being violent. He writes about birds as a field ornithologist and a collector, to whom the preservation of a well-balanced bird-life is more important than the care of birds merely as birds. He condemns the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds as being a body of well-meaning, but totally ignorant amateurs, and asserts that it is doing positive harm by its "indiscriminate" methods, whereby some species of birds are being exterminated through the protection of other species. This is a matter in which the layman is not qualified to "interfere." Mr. Loyd's indictment would be more persuasive if it were less heated. But at any rate it reminds us that the question of kindness to animals is, like most other questions, not so simple as it looks. It is not enough to have good-will. We must "get wisdom, get understanding."

Meanwhile, we may well take heart of grace. If the road still stretches far ahead, we have at least come a good distance:—

"What was faint-written, read in a breath  
In that year—ten-times-ten away—  
A larger, clearer conscience saith  
More sturdily to-day. . . .  
Much has been won—more, maybe, than we know—  
And on we labour stressful. 'Aillonn!  
A mighty voice calls: 'But may the good prevail!  
And 'Blessed are the merciful,'  
Calls yet a mightier one."

GILBERT THOMAS.

## THE LEAGUE AND THE I.L.O.

**The Revival of Europe: Can the League of Nations Help?**

By HORACE G. ALEXANDER, M.A. (Allen &amp; Unwin. 5s.)

**International Social Progress.** By G. A. JOHNSTON, M.A., D.Phil. (Allen & Unwin. 10s. 6d.)

MR. HORACE ALEXANDER, a member of the Society of Friends,

"Comes with charity and communion to bring  
To reckoning,  
To reconcile and build."

Not, of course, to reconcile incompatibles. There is nothing sloppy about your true Quaker; he does not seek to compromise with the militarist or the slave-owner; but it grieves him to see men with common aims dissipating their energies in disagreements as to the means. In the present case it grieves Mr. Alexander to see those who are working for the peace of Europe divided into two groups: one that will hear little or no good of the existing League of Nations, and the other that will hear no evil of it.

"The former group includes many of the best minds in Germany; and in all other countries, perhaps especially in England, where extreme pacifists abound, large sections of the Labour and Socialist parties, and many of the old stalwarts of the peace societies, adopt a hostile and severely critical attitude towards the League. On the other side are the enthusiastic members, ever increasing in numbers, of the voluntary societies for the League of Nations, such as the League of Nations Union in this country."

The division, as Mr. Alexander admits, is not a hard and fast one, and it is steadily diminishing. As the League becomes more firmly established, its most enthusiastic supporters are beginning to criticize some of its proceedings, without their former fear that this would endanger its permanence; while those who were disposed to regard it with contempt are now beginning to recognize its potentialities. To both these processes an impetus will be given by Mr. Alexander's book. Fearless and candid in criticism, he nevertheless brings out very clearly the advance which has already been made by the League, and the extraordinary value for the future of the new methods and attitude of mind which it has created. A better analysis of the main criticisms of the League could hardly be imagined, while the account of its actual achievements and reverses is remarkably clear and complete. To pack all this into 210 very readable pages is no mean feat. It has only been accomplished because this writer has a fine grasp of the salient points at issue and a vivid sense of their importance. The details of the League's work are not always of much interest apart from their bearing upon the vital question of whether the League is achieving its main purpose. For this reason much that is written and talked on the subject is boring to anyone who is not already inspired by enthusiasm for the League, and there was great need for a book like this to correct the astigmatism of both parties in the controversy.

It would be a very good thing if somebody would do for the International Labour Organization what Mr. Alexander has done for the League of Nations. At present the keen and efficient staff of the I.L.O. are overwhelming an apathetic public with a mass of detailed information. Here, for instance, is Mr. G. A. Johnston setting out avowedly to explain the part that is being played by the I.L.O. in the general movement of social development throughout the world—which is exactly what is wanted—but becoming enmeshed immediately in a network of technicalities about the constitution of that body, its procedure, and the precise agenda and recommendations of each of its Conferences and Commissions; all most useful for reference and interesting no doubt to the student of Labour legislation, but obscuring the main issue.

There is no doubt whatever that the I.L.O. is doing most valuable work in the world. It is investigating labour conditions in all countries; calling attention to abuses and helping to mobilize public opinion for their redress; drawing employers and employees together in conferences and teaching them the economic interdependence of nations; and promoting international legislation to deal with those matters to which it is appropriate. What remains in doubt is the

extent of the field open for international effort on these lines. Mr. Johnston says that

"The classical example of the adoption of an international remedy for an international disease of modern industry is the prohibition of the use of white phosphorus in the manufacture of matches."

In such matters there can be no question as to the beneficence of international agreements. It is when an attempt is made to obtain uniform conditions of labour in widely different countries that the limitations of international action begin to appear. It is no use blinking the fact that the standard of life in a poor country must be lower than that in a rich country. Yet there seems to be an implication in some of the proceedings of the I.L.O. that such inequalities are produced merely by the unenlightenment of employers and Governments. Perhaps that implication is not intended. It may be that hard economic facts are well understood at Geneva; if so, it would remove the danger of disillusionment on the one hand, and a cause of not unreasonable suspicion on the other, to state them clearly in one of these I.L.O. publications.

## CRITICAL LIMITATIONS.

**The Awakening, and Other Poems.** By DON MARQUIS. (Heinemann. 6s.)

**Selected Poems; and New Hampshire.** By ROBERT FROST. (Heinemann. 6s. each.)

**The White Stallion.** By F. V. BRANFORD. (Christophers. 5s.)

**Tally-Ho! and Other Hunting Noises.** By J. B. MORTON. (Cecil Palmer. 5s.)

**Visiting Winds.** By ERIC N. BATTERHAM. (Oxford: Blackwell. 2s. 6d.)

**Wayfaring.** By WILLIAM FORCE STEAD. (Cobden-Sanderson 5s.)

WHEN an American critic asked me recently what I thought of Robert Frost, I said that I had the greatest regard for his work. The critic was surprised and pleased; he had known Frost personally for years and years, he said, but did not expect me to like poetry which referred to a countryside where I had never been, poetry moreover which had neither passion nor music. I replied at once that I find both passion and music in Frost, though the passion is under control and the music in an unusual idiom. The critic was astounded and delighted at my discovery: he said that when next he saw Frost he would report what I had said. "I have been preaching Robert's poetry these fifteen years," he said, "but I never suspected that there was more to it than humour, a feeling for nature, and a power to describe the mountain country which I know and love. Robert will be pleased to hear you think that of him."

To-day the boot is on the other leg when I get sent for review two books of poetry from which I have been told to expect much. Now I am the fool who cannot see what I should like to see in them. There is a group of reputable American critics who rank Don Marquis with Catullus for his lyrics and with Juvenal for his satires, and a group of English critics for whom the greatest poet writing to-day is Mr. F. V. Branford. "It is a long time since the tree of English poetry has put forward such a tremendous bough," writes someone in the "Bookman." Am I blind or deaf or morally incapable that the following from "The White Stallion" fails to move me at all?—

"Not mildew blast nor damp Lethean bowl  
Brewed to the brim with mortal aconite  
Unthreads the prisoned sinews of the soul,  
To rape that feeble fortalice with might  
Of direr moment than the baleful spell  
Cast up the void through vaulted vents of Hell,  
Whereby of old enchained angels fell."

Or that the satiric sonnets of Don Marquis are nothing to me?

"M'Corkle has a long white pitted nose  
Which somehow seems the index of his soul.  
He talks down it like this, 'Man's final goal  
Is higher than materialists suppose,' &c."

It is not that Mr. Marquis is writing for Americans, because the "hand-made fables" of his fellow-countryman George Ade—"There once was a Man who was Black with Money and Crusted with Aristocracy" . . . "There once lived at a prominent Railway Junction a local Swell called Wilbur"—touch me every time. Not to like Messrs. Bran-



**A. M. PHILPOT****THE CAMPION REPRINTS**

EDITED BY T. EARLE WELBY

*A series of something more than mere Reprints; rather a series of Rediscoveries.* 5s. net.**No. 1. The Private Memoirs and Confessions of a Justified Sinner**

By JAMES HOGG. Introduction by T. Earle Welby.

*"A Grand Guignol book of genius. . . . The Memoirs have nothing in common with anything else ever written. . . . This book is a revelation of spiritual horror too great for silence."*—JAMES AGATE in the *Daily Graphic*.*"A masterpiece. . . . A document of vivid fantasy and horror."*—ARTHUR WAUGH in the *Daily Telegraph*.**No. 2. The Early French Poets**

By H. F. CARY. Introduction by T. Earle Welby.

*"These essays deserve, and even demand, resuscitation as a real curiosity of criticism."*—EDMUND GOSSE in the *Sunday Times*.*Other remarkable volumes to follow.*

A. M. PHILPOT Ltd., 69, Great Russell Street, W.C.2

**CONSTABLE**

Present

**SAINT JOAN**

The Play and a Preface

By BERNARD SHAW.

6s. net.

*Truth.*—"By far the greatest play that I have ever seen that has borne date within the last three hundred years."*J. C. Squire* in the *Observer*.—"The trial scene is the finest thing Mr. Shaw has ever done."*Evening Standard.*—"Shaw's greatest work."*Daily Chronicle.*—"One of the most beautiful and splendid plays Mr. Shaw has ever written."

10 ORANGE ST. LONDON W.C.2

**THE TRUTH ABOUT 'YADIL'****T**HE public is entitled to know the truth and the whole truth about 'Yadil'—what it is, what it does, and why it cures.**T**HE fullest possible information AND A DETAILED REPLY TO A RECENT CRITICISM will be published in the course of a few days.*Alex. Clements***'YADIL' ANTISEPTIC**

Ensures the complete internal disinfection of the human system without risk of injury to the most delicate cell-tissue.

Prepared by Clements & Johnson Ltd., Research Medical Chemists,  
19, Sicilian Avenue, London, W.C.1.

ford and Marquis may be the penalty of liking Messrs. Frost and Ade; or are my critical limitations peculiar?

Mr. J. B. Morton is another satirist, and here again I must admit that though I should like to like him, because a parodist is an important social worker if he does his job well, I can't, since he doesn't. This is Mr. Morton on

*Mr. W. H. Davies.*

"Indeed, it is a lovely sight  
To watch the clouds float by at night,  
When bats are out and field mice go,  
In the darkness, to and fro.  
I wear my dreams, example taking  
From the owl that hoots on waking.

Then when dawn steals out again,  
I can hear the country rain.  
In the meadows at my feet  
The dewy grass tastes very sweet,  
And I hear the early mavis  
Say 'Good morning, Mr. Davies.'"

The rhythm of the middle couplet in each stanza is quite unlike Mr. Davies, unless literary historians prove one day that it was he who wrote the "Child's Garden of Verses," popularly ascribed to Stevenson. As for "mavis" instead of "thrush," and "Good morning, Mr. Davies," instead of "Good day to you, Will Davies," it is miles out. Perhaps not to like Mr. Morton is the penalty of liking Mr. Beer-bohm, whose parodies, such as his recent "Mr. Hardy and the Royal Visitor," are always creative as well as imitative. This is Mr. Morton on

*Mr. Walter De la Mare.*

"Dame Quiet in her garden  
Walks under the moon.  
(No-eyes, can you see her  
This night of June?)  
Hush, hush, eglantine,  
Toad-in-the-Hole,  
Ivied grot and lichen-light,  
Salve my soul."

That heavily syncopated ending is De-la-Mare-ishly false, and Mr. Morton has a long lesson to learn from Mr. Eric Batterham, who sings:—

"Within this ivied, old  
Dishevelled cottage,  
Boy, man, grandsire, white polled,  
Lived Nicholas Nottage.

For fourscore years and two  
This dear loved spot  
His constant shadow knew,  
And now he is not,

Breathes not a sighing drear  
At evenfall,  
'Comes Nicholas Nottage here  
No more at all!'"

True, Mr. Batterham is not a conscious parodist; as the Greeks would say, "he has escaped his own notice being a jester," but Nicholas Nottage remains a magnificent parody of Mr. De la Mare's occasional parodies of himself.

Mr. Force Stead is usually what they call a careful craftsman with a genuine if slight poetic talent; but in spite of all that, I do like the verses about his pretty sweetie, who spends her whole life eating, eating, eating. "Her soup she laps and licks her chaps, and then of fish she clears the dish, and has another if you wish, just to keep the dinner moving, being very kind and loving." And then

"Proceeds to beef and baked potatoes,  
Carrots, beans and calf's foot jelly,  
In a style like Walter Pater's  
When he writes of Botticelli."

This last stanza appeals strongly both as poetry and as literary criticism.

ROBERT GRAVES.

#### THE NEW CENTRAL EUROPE.

**The Collapse of Central Europe.** By K. F. NOWAK. (Kegan Paul. 15s.)

**Revolution and Counter-Revolution in Hungary.** By OSKAR JÁSZI. (King. 15s.)

**New Governments of Central Europe.** By MALBONE W. GRAHAM. (New York: Holt.)

In his latest book Dr. Nowak has written the final act of the tragedy of the Central Powers. It is a pitiful story of conflicting policies and thwarted plans—opposition raised by everybody against everybody else and against every-

thing"—and eleventh-hour attempts, pathetic in their obvious futility, of monarchs and statesmen by mending their ways to save something out of the approaching wreck. The book covers the months from the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk to the surrender of Austria-Hungary. In Germany the plot hangs on the endless rivalry between soldiers and politicians, of which Ludendorff's memoirs give the other side. "Yes, but the generals," Bethmann-Hollweg exclaims; "of course I can't —" In Austria the contrast is between the complacent statesmen with their pronouncements on the "essentials of Austrian patriotism," and their Slav auditors scarcely troubling to conceal their determination to break free from alien domination. The disintegration of the Dual Monarchy is more complete than that of Germany, and its history more complicated; but it too evolves around a central theme—the tardy awakening of a despotic Government to the consequences of its own actions, and its vain endeavours to meet by conciliation a state of affairs which called for nothing short of complete surrender. The unfortunate Karl, with his excellent intentions, is the evil genius of the piece; for it was he who, like so many well-meaning reformers whose chance came too late, opened the door to the overthrow of his own kingdom. In Dr. Nowak's picture of the final months, the Dual Monarchy becomes a series of shifting patterns in a crazy kaleidoscope. The most striking piece of the whole narrative is the account of Planzer-Baltin's retreat from Albania in November, 1918, and his sudden discovery that he had returned to a country which no longer existed. We are left at the end of the book, like the old General, standing bewildered in an unrecognizable world.

Oddly enough Dr. Nowak gives us no indication that two days after that on which his story ends a revolution was to take place in Hungary. For its history we have to turn to Dr. Jászi. "Revolution and Counter-Revolution in Hungary" is the tragedy of a moderate reformer. The policy advocated by Michael Károlyi would undoubtedly have been the best for Hungary, had the country been enlightened enough to accept it. Its first principle was the redistribution of the land among the people—a principle which was only put into practice to the extent of dividing Károlyi's own estate. Another ideal at which Dr. Jászi had been aiming for years was a peaceful solution of the racial problems in Hungary. His plan was to give the fullest possible freedom of development to the non-Magyar populations. He sought to see all the Danubian peoples united in an equal federation on the model of Switzerland, and as Minister of Nationalities in the Károlyi Government he tried to work towards this end. The times were unpropitious, and they have since become still more so. Dr. Jászi's scheme, like that other dream of a Balkan federation, will probably have to wait many years before its excellence is recognized.

The Bolshevik revolution came before Károlyi's Government had been fairly tested in action, and there was barely time for Bela Kun to demonstrate the defects of practical Communism before he too was driven out by Horthy and Bethlen. Dr. Jászi exposes the weakness of Bela Kun's policy—an attempt to communize the land in a country where "land-hunger" is the consuming passion of the whole population. The Bolsheviks, by turning the old feudal domains into State concerns, simply preserved them intact for the return of their former owners after the White Revolution. The proletariat, whom they had come to set free, were deprived even of the slight advantages which Károlyi had managed to secure for them before his fall. In his criticisms of the White Government Dr. Jászi prejudices his own case by the violence of his statements. The most sympathetic reader would rather draw his own conclusions from a straightforward account of Horthy's measures than be given extracts from each with a preface and lavish commentary on the real intentions concealed beneath the text.

In Dr. Graham's unimpassioned and scholarly analysis of the five new Governments which have arisen on the ruins of Central Europe one enters with a sense of relief into a calmer atmosphere. In "New Governments of Central Europe" he traces the rise of each, describes the constitution in some detail, and explains the influences to which the constitutional peculiarities of the different countries are due. Each section is accompanied by a chart representing the fluctuations of parties in the State in question in the five years 1918-23; and the five countries are combined at the



*An irresistible book!*

## Memories of 90 Years

□ *The Newcastle Chronicle*

"A delightful volume . . . the list of Mrs. Ward's friends in the past is an extraordinary one . . . Tom Moore (the poet), Sir Edwin Landseer, Lord Macaulay, Count d'Orsay, Wilkie Collins, Rossetti, Dickens, Thackeray, Lewis Carroll, Millais, Ruskin and many others . . . the book teems with lively anecdote"

by *MRS. E. M. WARD*

(Mother of "Spy")

Obtainable at all Booksellers

21/- net

HUTCHINSON

**Harrap**  
LONDON

**JULY PUBLICATIONS**  
1924

### With Stefansson in the Arctic By HAROLD NOIOE

Leader of the Wrangel Island Relief Expedition, 1923. Large Crown 8vo., 280 pages. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net.

THIS book is the narrative of the Author's first two years in the Arctic. While it is written from the standpoint of a boy of twenty-two years it is also inevitably coloured by increased knowledge of the North acquired during the four years following when much of the time he lived alone with the Eskimos.

### The Twentieth Century Theatre By FRANK VERNON

Author of "Modern Stage Production." Crown 8vo., 192 pages, 5s. net.

MR. JOHN DRINKWATER says in his Introduction: "That this book is well written I suppose everyone will agree, but it has the further great advantage of being really well-informed. Mr. Vernon's knowledge is always exact and first hand."

### Women Peace Makers By HEBE SPAULL

Illustrated with portraits. Crown 8vo., 192 pages. 3s. 6d. net.

THIS book gives an account of seven women who have done valuable work for the League of Nations—Froken Forchhammer—Dame Rachael Crowley—Froken Jeppe—Fru Kjelsberg—Madam Curie—Mrs. Coombe Tennant—Dame Edith Lytton.

**GEORGE G. HARRAP & CO., LTD.,**  
39, Parker Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.

## Messrs. METHUEN'S NEW BOOKS

Send your name and address to Messrs Methuen and you will receive regularly their Illustrated Announcement List.

### A PILGRIM IN SPAIN

By AUBREY F. G. BELL. With 20 Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.

The principal cities of Spain, especially Madrid, Seville, Cordova and Granada, here are described. Special attention is given to the old-world cities of Castille.

### THE AWAKENING OF ITALY:

*The Fascista Regeneration.*

By LUIGI VILLARI. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

### THE WORLD WE LAUGH IN:

*More Departmental Ditties.*

By HARRY GRAHAM. Illustrated by "Fish."

Fcap. 8vo. 5s. net

Delightful humour, delightfully illustrated.

### KNIGHT AT ARMS

By H. C. BAILEY. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

The background of the story is the richly coloured turbulent life of the court of Charles VIII. and the tyrants and 'bright, baleful ladies' of the Italian Renaissance.

### MR. ARNOLD:

*A Romance of the American Revolution.*

By FRANCIS LYNDE. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

An enthralling story of plot, intrigue, capture and escape told by a resourceful and chivalrous soldier of fortune.

### THE SECRET OF BOGEY HOUSE

By HERBERT ADAMS. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

A dramatic and thrilling story which begins with a startling crime and reveals mysteries of an amazing character.

### RUFUS

By Mrs. GRACE S. RICHMOND, author of "Red Pepper Burns," "Foursquare," &c. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

A very tender and delightful story.

**METHUEN & CO. LTD., 36, Essex St., London, W.C.2**

## SECOND-HAND AND RARE BOOKS

The service given by this department is among the most exhaustive and dependable in the country. We can generally show you what rare books are available, or procure them for you if they are to be bought.

We have just issued a new Catalogue of Works on Art, Sporting and Coloured Plate Books, Natural History, Modern Authors, etc.

Separate departments for new books, beautifully bound books, book-plates, and bookbindings, and a Room for the Children.

## J. & E. BUMPUS

LIMITED

350 Oxford St., London, W.1

Phones—Mayfair 1223 and 1224

By Appointment to His Majesty the King

### SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Inland post free	...	12 months	£1 10 0
"	"	6 "	15 0
Foreign	"	12 "	1 10 0
"	"	6 "	15 0

end in one comparative chart which illustrates the general resemblances in the post-war progress of each through revolution and a reconstruction period under a coalition to normal parliamentary government. One is inclined to doubt whether human nature is an element whose reactions can be plotted in a graph with scientific accuracy; whether "history repeats itself" can be expressed as a mathematical formula. But whether or not the "Time Charts" represent an advance in the scientific study of history, the book as a whole is a valuable contribution to the history of post-war Europe.

L. P. M.

## NOVELS IN BRIEF

**The Green Hat.** By MICHAEL ARLEN. (Collins. 7s. 6d.)

Mr. Arlen's new story is laboriously artificial and almost tediously witty. Yet there does emerge from the welter of superficial observation, callow cynicism, and minute record of current social ritual, one real character, that of Iris Storm, whose distinguished bearing, high courage, contemptuous immorality, and dispassionate disregard for the conventions, even of her own loose world, make us wish that Mr. Arlen had allowed us to know her better, and earlier, than we are permitted to do. We could wish, too, that the Boy Fenwick affair had been less repulsive in its first implication and more intelligible in its final explanation. Not light enough for a comedy of manners, yet too light for the tragedy his story really is, Mr. Arlen's style is confusing rather than enlightening. We see his characters too much from the outside. We are told what they say and do, but their thought is veiled from us. Nevertheless, for all its faults, the story is decidedly attractive; there is conflict in it, and at times a suggestion of beauty; it is difficult to skip and still more difficult to lay aside when once begun, and it hangs in the memory like an evil dream.

**The Unholy Experiment.** By CONSTANCE SMEDLEY. (Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d.)

This is a story of the rigidly conventional Lucia Craven, English novelist; of Ronnie Craven, her agreeable but weak artist husband; of silly little Mrs. Hedges who, when Ronnie is visiting the States alone, lures him from his marital allegiance; and of Whitman Udell, the typical strong cultivated American, whom Lucia meets when she too is visiting the States to escape talk of the divorce she is seeking from her husband. Lucia has secured an order for restitution of conjugal rights, and confusing this with a decree, at least nisi if not absolute, is almost engaged to Udell when Ronnie—complying with the order—turns up and asks for forgiveness. With all these materials for a first-rate comedy Miss Smedley has preferred to take her subject and her people seriously. But Lucia and Ronnie are too incorrigibly respectable to be anything but figures of fun in an amorous intrigue, and we can only regret the lost opportunity, especially as Miss Smedley has a real sense of humour. Fortunately, the novel has a strong interest outside its story, for the scene is laid in the States, and of modern America Miss Smedley has given us a really brilliant and vital impression.

**The Red Horse.** By CHRISTOPHER ROVER. (Grant Richards. 7s. 6d.)

Two stories, each longer than the usual short story but neither as long as the average novel, are included by Mr. Rover under this one title. The first story deals with the Russian Revolution, which we see through the eyes and understanding of a young woman of good family living in Moscow. The story, which rings true, probably presents as just a view and judgment of Soviet rule as is possible in a contemporary work. The corrosive and astringent effects of poverty and oppression upon a character at once intelligent and generous are admirably shown by Mr. Rover, whose quiet, precise, and unemotional style very nicely fits his subject. It is a sombre story, but there is in it a note of subdued optimism that relieves it of morbidity. The second story deals with a town of French Flanders during the war, and tries to demonstrate the decay of native simplicity which took place under the stress of war emotion and constant contact with the British Army. How true Mr. Rover's indictment may be can only be known to those who knew such towns continuously and intimately during the war. The story itself is certainly convincing. Given such cir-

cumstances and such people with such contacts, the results would probably be as he describes them. But even so, all that is proved is that war is an unwholesome business, not because it brings alien cultures into touch with each other, but because that touch is soiled at its source.

**Mr. Arnold: a Romance of the Revolution.** By FRANCIS LYNDE. (Methuen. 7s. 6d.)

Save that one of the principal characters is General Benedict Arnold, who, embittered by the promotion of his juniors over his head, deserted Washington's army and went over to the British, there is more romance than history in this exciting story of the Revolution. The plot itself is simple enough. Washington wants Arnold kidnapped and brought back so that his treachery shall be punished. Taking advantage of a little epidemic of desertion, it is arranged that a Captain Richard Page shall pretend to desert, and shall offer his service to Sir Henry Clinton, with a view to joining forces with a Sergeant-Major Champe, who is already in New York seeking an opportunity of seizing Arnold. The story deals with the adventures of these spies in New York, and deals with them so effectively that the reader is kept throughout on the tip-toe of excitement. There is only one fault to be found with the book, which is that it seems unlikely that the two men, suspect from the beginning, would have been allowed the latitude for conspiracy which Captain Page and his henchman enjoy. This, however, is a small matter in a novel which does not seriously pretend to be historical. The atmosphere, at any rate, smacks of the time, and the slight but effective love interest is ingeniously woven into the main plot.

**Siege Perilous.** By MAUD DIVER. (Murray. 7s. 6d.)

It is not Mrs. Diver's fault if time and circumstance have made the Anglo-Indian story, in which she long ago achieved success, old-fashioned. The Great War, for instance, has stripped all war of its glamour, so that when, as in one of Mrs. Diver's present stories, we find a gallant adjutant, whose corps is "a complex instrument in perfect working order," yearning for "a chance of the supreme test—active service," angry disgust is the emotion aroused, which is by no means Mrs. Diver's intention. Then again, the enormous changes which are now taking place in the Government of India, and the vital issues—vital to the whole future of Asia—which are being fought out in the great Dependency—word of ill-omen—do not help us to enjoy, as we once could enjoy, stories of rather vulgar flirtations and intrigues in Hill and other stations. The result is, of course, that Mrs. Diver, who has lost none of her power to interest—it is her subject that has deserted her—is now most interesting when her tales are not of the Indian Army or of the lovers, young or elderly, who follow the flag to Simla.

## BOOKS IN BRIEF

**P. Ovidi Nasonis Tristium Liber II.** Edited by S. G. OWEN. (Oxford: Clarendon Press. 21s.)

This is a scholarly edition of a very difficult book, the Second Book of the "Tristia." The edition consists of an introduction, the text and a translation, and a voluminous commentary. Mr. Owen's introduction is extremely interesting. Ovid was exiled by Augustus for having written the "Ars Amatoria," and for having committed an unnamed offence. The Second Book of the "Tristia" contains his defence, in which he states explicitly that his offence was an "error," but not a crime, and refuses to say what it was. Various conjectures have been made with regard to its nature, the most generally accepted being that Ovid was in some way involved in the affair which led to the banishment of the younger Julia. Mr. Owen gives reasons for rejecting this conjecture and for holding that his offence was probably political.

**The Pocket Oxford Dictionary of Current English.** Compiled by F. G. FOWLER and H. W. FOWLER. (Oxford: Clarendon Press. 3s. 6d.; India paper, 6s.)

Everyone who has used "The Concise Oxford Dictionary" must be aware that it is for its size the best English dictionary. The late Mr. F. G. Fowler and Mr. H. W. Fowler have now abridged that book and produced a marvel of lexicography in this Pocket Dictionary. It is a marvel in the combination of its handy size, admirable printing and arrangement, completeness of information, and cheapness.



l  
t  
s  
l  
t  
n  
d  
l  
s  
o  
h  
t  
s  
e  
t  
y  
o

e  
o  
r  
t  
t  
e  
l  
e  
e  
e  
o  
r  
t  
r  
n  
g

e  
n  
is  
y  
n  
d  
is  
s  
s  
n  
nt  
g  
y

n-  
:  
c-  
st  
r.  
d  
is  
le  
nd